The Relief Society Magazine

4 NO. 7 Lessons for October JULY 1957

To Our Forerunners

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

The years are long, but oh, how fast they go!
And you who knew our towns when they were young
Have watched their early struggles, helped them grow
To busy cities, noisy, neon-strung,
Take now belated thanks so long deserved
For many tasks performed for men unborn.
However simply you have lived, you served,
Who wrested wheatlands from the drouth and thorn.
Something there is beyond the strength of man
Which stays behind when he is deep in sod,
And something which you left for us will span
The gulf between mortality and God—
A dream . . . a hope . . . a faith that leads us on
With eager hearts and eyes raised toward the dawn.

The Cover: Victoria Falls, Rhodesia, Africa
Courtesy South African Railways
Submitted by Nora C. Duncan

Frontispiece: Wasatch Stream, Utah
Photograph by Hal Rumel

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

A very dear sister of the Church, Mrs. Stayner Richards, subscribed to have *The Relief Society Magazine* forwarded to me every month. I would like to tell you how much I appreciate its wonderful, inspiring lessons, also how much I look forward to receiving this beautiful *Magazine*.

—Mrs. Oliver
London, England

When I read Alice Morrey Bailey's poem "Ballerina" in the May issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, I was thrilled. I am especially fond of lyrics, and this one not only dances, it sings.

—Gene Romolo
Provo, Utah

Lael Hill did a beautiful job with her article "The Gift—and the Giving of Poetry" in the May issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*.

—Ethel Jacobson
Fullerton, California

All issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* are truly outstanding. We in the Church can justifiably feel proud of the publications prepared for us. No other publications equal them. Sister Elna P. Haymond (of the general board of Relief Society) was my "mission mother" in the Northern States Mission in 1946-47.

—Mrs. Coleen Hill
St. Anthony, Idaho

Thank you for a gracious response to my letter asking birthday recognition for Mary Ann Smith of Randolph, Utah. One of the most precious things about Relief Society is that older women feel they are needed and wanted. I hope that this attitude will always be cherished. So much emphasis is placed on youth at this time, but I feel that the experience, wisdom, and tact of the older women have a real value.

—Faye B. Gardner
Tacoma, Washington

I enjoy the poetry in the *Magazine* so much. It seems there is always a source of inspiration in the poetry for me.

—Millicent Kendall
Blackfoot, Idaho

I have been an appreciative subscriber and reader of the *Magazine* since my missionary days in 1939-1941. I have been a counselor and class leader in "our" organization, and recognize the Relief Society as the "Mother" organization in the Church as the Priesthood is the "Father."

—Wanda F. Hilton
Walnut Creek, California

I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine* and read it from cover to cover. I realize its great worth to the women of our organization as I have been president of this Bothwell Ward Relief Society for four years. This experience is giving me great pleasure and knowledge I could get nowhere else.

—Mabel C. Anderson
Tremonton, Utah

I would like to say how very much we enjoy our wonderful *Magazine*. I am a convert to the Church, and I would like to tell all the sisters everywhere how much the Church has done for me. I am indeed grateful for being a member.

—Mary Baker
San Jose, California

My May *Magazine* came yesterday, and I read the editorial "Pen in Hand," by Vesta P. Crawford, and was so thrilled with the writing, I read it and read it. It reads like something out of Proverbs or Psalms. It says things, too, but the way they are said is what impressed me so forcibly. It is really a poem without rhyme. I liked the story "This Is My Baby," by Christie Lund Coles, also, and I thought Florence Dunford's story "The Third House Down," was very good. The *Magazine* continues to become better and better.

—Dorothy Clapp Robinson
Boise, Idaho

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Habits of Industry and the Abundant Life for Children and Parents

Madeline B. Wirthlin

My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother: Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee. For the commandment is a lamp; and the law is light . . . (Proverbs 6:20-23).

THE above was a favorite Mutual theme. It contains a commandment and a law, but it also gives great and wonderful promises to children. To parents, it implies the responsibility of example, counsel, good judgment, justice, kindness, consideration, and consistency. One sees a well-knit family where righteousness and love of the Lord are dominant, where prayer is a daily ritual, where faith in God is nurtured and where love dominates all that is said and done.

Summer, vacation time is here! The children are home, happy in their release from the curtailments of school. What promise does vacation hold for us as a family? Are our commandments, as parents, such as can be bound about the hearts of our children—will they truly lead them, keep them, talk with them, and be a lamp and a light to them always?

It has been said we start to train a child at the birth of his great-grandparents. I am grateful for the training the paternal grandparents gave our children when in far-off England a great-grandfather prayed for divine direction to find the true Church. In a dream, he saw the hall in which two Mormon missionaries were preaching. He accepted their teaching, and after years of frugality brought his ten children to Utah. Struggle and privation followed them, but their loyalty and devotion to the Church never failed. Gratitude increases with thoughts of the great-grandmother who gave birth to her children in a dirt-roofed dugout, and who sold their only cow that her husband might go back to Switzerland to carry the gospel message to his native land. She then sewed salt sacks for one dollar a thousand to support her family. The maternal grandmother left her home in Christiania, Norway, when only eighteen years old to immigrate to Zion alone for the cause she had espoused. She reared a family of twelve children and never faltered in her faith and devotion to the Church. When the maternal grandfather was a boy of fourteen, he drove his widowed mother's ox team across the plains and then supported her by herding cattle on the foothills surrounding the city. Their cabin floor was covered with straw, ready to burn, if their Prophet Brigham Young gave the word when the invading

nnston's Army came into the y.

Memory takes me back to my ldhood. The farm was large, e house had many rooms, and the nily was ever increasing, with our n children, workmen, and guests. ere was always work to do and als to prepare. Milk and butter, it and garden vegetables, chick- and lambs were our responsi- ity. Wool was washed, carded, l made into warm quilts for the nily and the sheep camps. I er remember of being tired of work. We all worked together. older sister always had a young- one to do the upstairs or the chen work. Mother prepared meals with the vegetables and k care of the milk, but it was epted by all that she needed help en we had finished our appoint- tasks.

What pleasant memories of the and jokes we enjoyed while king over the peas on the shady n or singing the arias of the eras in which the girls had par- ipated. While picking cherries, wberries, raspberries, and cur- ts in the cool of the morning or ning, these melodies became y dear to our hearts. About four lock, nearly every afternoon, all uld go down to the Cottonwood eek for a swim. We followed a h through the tall, sweet-smell- meadow grass to enjoy an hour complete relaxation and enjoy- nt.

MOTHER'S admonitions have carried through to my children en she said, "Let your head save ur heels," and, "It is your responsibility to pay your tithing, but someone else's responsibility to spend it." It has always seemed such a shame to take thirty minutes to do the dishes when they could be done in ten. There is real satisfaction in two or three hustling with plenty of clean towels, cloths, soapy water and rinse water so the dishes can drain shiny bright or be wiped and put straight and clean on the cupboard shelves. Every child can do a good job if, as adults, we realize sustained effort cannot last too long. It is better to give them a boost and let them enjoy the satisfaction of a finished job.

Kathy's assignment was to clean the bathtub, which was accomplished with all the scouring and rinsing necessary for a six-year-old, although her school dress suffered from cleanser. Michele was to dust. Yes, the lamp shade was taken completely off and rubbed inside and out before it was precariously replaced. Grandfather said to Jamie from across the table, "If you will stay on the farm with us, you can have your pony and Queen, the collie, and we will have good times together." Jamie looked up with his big brown eyes and said seriously, "I would like to, Grandfather, but my mother needs me." Yes, he was needed—he had a job to do—a definite responsibility—his mother "needed" him! When we are needed, how much more can we do—how many difficulties can be overcome, for with *need*, there is appreciation, which is the greatest reward for work!

We have all been interested in ten-year-old Robert Strom and Charles Van Doren, two TV celeb-

rities, who have won great sums of money recently. I have wondered what their home, family, and parents contributed toward their amazing mental powers. Mr. Strom, Robert's father, said:

We feel there are a great number of gifted children all over the country who are lost because their very young curiosity is not satisfied . . . they become frustrated, get lethargic habits and their interest is atrophied.

Mrs. Strom said:

I have not worked since the children were born. I am staying home and bringing them up myself. We never have a question unanswered, an idea undiscussed. We always had a policy that if something wasn't finished we couldn't start something else. My favorite motto is "Not failure, but low aim is crime." As long as they tried their best, they knew no one was going to reject them. Once something excites their interest they will ask many questions, run the thing down to the bottom. If we can't answer, we always point out how they can find it. "Talk to me" is a favorite phrase around our house. "All right," I say, "what will we talk about?" Then we discuss the project of the day or some scientific idea.

Robert said:

I think I have been curious since I was born; so often kids don't get a chance to learn enough to get their curiosity satisfied.

(From an article in the *Deseret News-Salt Lake Telegram*, April 12, 1957, by Joseph R. Marshall. Quotation used by permission).

OF Charles Van Doren, it is said his mind comes through on TV as a reasoning instrument that exposes a memory clearly embedded in taste. Everything interested him, nothing was unimportant. He had a passion for getting facts straight and checking them in reference books. He read the dictionary as living literature. When he looked up a word, he would browse, and the next thing he knew, he would read four or five pages. One weekend he picked up the Bible and read it through. He systematically read his way through the Columbia Library stacks on English Literature in which he got his Ph.D, averaging twenty books a week for two years. A friend said, "I have always thought the Van Dorens the most successful family I've ever experienced in terms of closeness, intellectual vitality, mutual respect, in terms of exchange of ideas and the flow of electricity that keeps everybody learning all the time."

Few of us have a Robert Strom or a Charles Van Doren in our homes, but we can stimulate and help to satisfy our children's curiosity. If we have a good dictionary and an encyclopedia, we can answer correctly most of their questions. Grammatical errors and mispronounced words can be corrected and not forgotten when children are young. How broad would our horizons be as parents, if we continued intelligent discussions with each of our children through the elementary grades, high school, and college. Would not we be more understanding parents, better Church auxiliary teachers, and would not our children know and enjoy difficult subjects better if they had the opportunity to explain a problem to an understanding father and mother at home? Summer is a good time to catch up on our reading. Libraries are full of classics that when read will always be remembered.

We are all grateful for the surge interest taken by civic clubs, wspaper and magazine articles t offer real help and many sug- tions for compensating work op- rtunities for teen-agers. Church xiliary and playground programs helpful and well-supervised. Care uld be taken, however, that these ivities should not become too de- nding and interfere with home ponsibilities. Music, carpentry, oking, gardening, and sewing fill eed in every child's life.

Are we not told, "Seek and ye ll find"? What are we seeking this summer vacation? If we re given one wish, we might say, want to be happy, truly happy, l have my children enjoy this great blessing." I am sure we can't all expect to be happy all the time when we know "some rain must fall, some days must be dark and dreary." I like this prayer:

God grant me serenity
To accept the things I cannot change,
The courage to change the things I can,
And the wisdom to know the difference.

Ten Rules of Happiness have been written by our own President David O. McKay. They are beautifully written, concrete, and practical. He says happiness does not *just come*. It must be worked for. It must be earned. May these *rules* be incorporated in every home, that as parents and children, we may develop habits of industry and the abundant life.

Ten Rules for Happiness

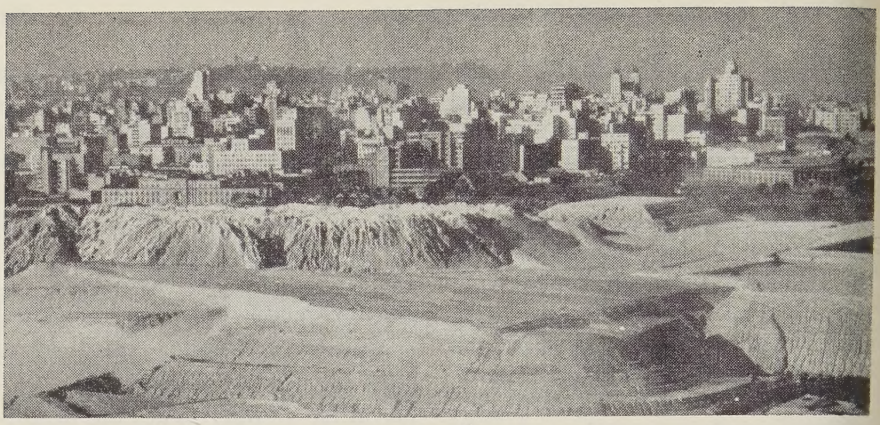
By President David O. McKay

1. Develop yourself by self-discipline.
2. Joy comes through creation—sorrow through destruction. Every living thing can grow. Use the world wisely to realize soul growth.
3. Do things which are hard to do.
4. Entertain upbuilding thoughts. What you think about when you do not have to think shows what you really are.
5. Do your best this hour, and you will do better the next.
6. Be true to those who trust you.
7. Pray for wisdom, courage, and a kind heart.
8. Give heed to God's messages through inspiration. If self-indulgence, jealousy, avarice, or worry have deadened your response, pray to the Lord to wipe out these impediments.
9. True friends enrich life. If you would have friends, be one.
10. Faith is the foundation of all things—including happiness.

Bread of Beauty

Gene Romolo

If you would be to higher being borne,
Choose a way that loveliness has spread
With perfumed petals—
Though now and then your palms be brier-torn.
Beauty for soul-sustenance is said
To be as needful as wheat is for bread.



Courtesy South African Railways
Submitted by Nora C. Duncan

JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA

The South African Mission

Preston R. Nibley
Assistant Church Historian

AT a special missionary conference, held in Salt Lake City on August 28, 1852, under the direction of President Brigham Young, Elders Jesse Haven, Leonard I. Smith, and William H. Walker were called to open a mission for the Church in South Africa. These faithful brethren made their way to their field of labor in poverty and distress, a journey which consumed more than six months time, before they reached Cape Town on April 19, 1853. Elder Haven was designated as the mission president.

As soon as they began to distribute their literature and hold meetings they met with opposition. However, a friend, Nicholas Paul, of Mowbray, a suburb of Cape Town, opened his house to them and offered them protection. Meetings were held in this home and the first convert, Henry Stringer, was baptized on June 15, 1853, by Elder Smith. Other baptisms followed, and on August 15, 1853, the first branch of the Church in South Africa was organized at Mowbray.

The work continued, and at a conference held at Port Elizabeth on August 13, 1855, it was reported that there were six branches of the Church in the South African Mission with a total membership of 126.

On November 27, 1855, Elders Walker and Smith began their return journey to Utah, "accompanied by fifteen emigrating saints." In December

der Haven left Cape Town for America, and the work was left in the arge of local brethren.

As many of the Saints had emigrated to Utah, and as the Civil War is being fought in the United States, the South African Mission was osed in the 1860's. Missionaries were not sent there again until 1903, ien Elders Warren H. Lyon, William R. Smith, Thomas L. Griffiths, d George A. Simpkins were called to reopen the mission. The work s continued since that time.

On March 31, 1957, there were 2,363 members of the Church in the uth African Mission, located in seventeen branches. Glen G. Fisher is mission president. Sixteen Relief Society organizations, with 249 mbers, were reported in December 1956. Holly Wood Fisher presides er the South African Mission Relief Society.

Note: The cover for this *Magazine*, "Victoria Falls, Rhodesia, Africa," was sub- ted by Nora C. Duncan, former president of the South African Mission Relief iety. See also "Recipes From the South African Mission," page 445.

rtesy South African Railways
mitted by Nora C. Duncan

CAMPS BAY, CAPE TOWN, AFRICA

Holly

Part I

Margaret S. Hardy

THE red hills had never been so hot, nor the sun so cruel. Holly's legs moved like stilts over the rocky path that led to the cabin in the hollow below. Heat waves rising from the scorched earth fanned her face as though a grass fire burned at her feet. The sharp, spiny fingers of a mesquite bush clung to her skirts and she tugged to free them.

"Grabbing thorns," she cried as she tried to work them loose. "Oh, what's the use to spare this old thing?"

A sudden pull and the bush snapped back triumphant, holding a wool piece of faded red.

The goal was in sight. A few more steps—then a step from the path and shade; a resting place worn smooth from use before. She settled herself down, her back against the curve of the gnarled pine trunk and closed her eyes against the glare, then opened them again. Her home was in view from where she sat, and Jesse somewhere near—the garden by the stream's edge burned as red as the earth in which it grew. How they had struggled to save it when the creek began to dry, coaxing the last trickle of water into pans. But the withering Utah sun had won the battle, with even the springs that fed the tiny reservoir above, threatening to dry. Water. That was what she wanted. Everyone here was thirsty all the time it seemed.

A Mormon bride of seventeen, she had come to this land of promise, leaving family and loved ones far behind. She and Jim would build a home here in the wilderness—their children would inherit it, and their roots would go down strong and deep. A log cabin was their home now, a stone house to come later, a story and a half, and it would tower there above the cedars.

Holly braced one hand on the ground beside her, the other she laid on the rock cleft at her side and pulled herself to her feet. The path grew steeper, with each stone trying to roll when she stepped on it. Three weeks by her count—could be only two, and she would be lithe again and never care a fig for the stones in her path. But she would never attempt the trail again in this condition. Never.

July into August, and the promise of more glimmering sun continued unbroken, relentless heat. Food bins nearby empty and crops shriveling back into the ground brought the farmers to their knees and the Indians to their rain dances, praying for the miracle that would save them —rain.

This August day started as every day that summer had started; with Jesse up and out searching the heavens, determined that the barren sky should yield its share to life. Holly watched the morning ritual from the open doorway, hoping with him, laughing when he wet a finger and held it up to catch a hoped-for breeze. He stood, a giant in her eyes, strong and noble, a man to

an on, and willing. She loved erything about him. Everything. she watched this morning, a ickening of his movements told r something stirred. Again and t again, his hand went up before m. Suddenly he turned and unded toward her.

"Today we'll have rain, Holly e," burst from his lips.

"And maybe more." Holly whis- red it, for even now the twinge w faintly stronger.

THE rain came as Jesse had said; in large, separate drops, mak- g little mounds where the dust ffed up as it fell. A gentle rain was, feeling its way to the thirsty rth. They went outside and let e huge drops splash on their up- rned faces in childish delight.

"It will cool you down," Jesse d, "then let me go for Stacy."

Of a sudden the rain stopped as ey stood there. The trees stopped eir quivering and the darkening v turned darker still. Hushed, ad silence hung from the leaden w holding all in its grasp. Then, e giant cymbals clashing together, thunderclap crashed down over e hills, bringing torrents of water eeping down from the sky. Holly rew her hands over her ears, cry- g out her terror, with Jesse pulling get her to the cabin.

A fire, stirred up from dying em- rs, to dry her dripping hair; a cking chair; and Jesse at the win- w, the storm his interest—Holly's oughts on Stacy, wishing she were re. But, no bother. It took days times, so she had been told; and me for supper, rain or not. ill . . . .

"Jesse? How can Stacy come in this storm?"

"Now, Holly love." He turned at hearing Stacy's name. "The storm won't last for long. It is coming all at once and will end as it start- ed."

"I can wait, Jesse. It will be a while yet. In the morning maybe—and it's suppertime."

The sound of horse's hooves slosh- ing near the window made Jesse jump from the table to pull open the door. An excited voice calling out reached Holly's ears.

"There's been a cloudburst The dam's washing away. We need men."

Jesse wheeled around to look askance from Holly's startled face.

"They need you. I need you, too. Oh, Jesse. The dam—our house—we're right in the path . . . ."

Jesse's hands gripped her shoul- ders. "Look at me, Holly. What shall I do? A broken dam will flood the settlement below. Our house will go, too. Say it, Holly. If you need me, I'll stay. Is it time?"

"How do I know if it's time? I've never had . . . ." She stopped and closed her eyes, found control of her rising voice. "Go, Jesse. But, hurry back. And get word to Stacy if you can."

HE was gone—vanished into the downpour of the deepening night, and Holly was alone. She leaned against the closed door to steady herself, for her body went weak with fear and all strength was gone. Rain! How badly they had wanted it, and now it came and threatened to destroy everything—even herself, perhaps, if Stacy didn't

come. Across the cabin she swayed and knelt down by the bed, her head bowed to her hands, and prayed—for Jesse and the men—and for the dam—and for herself and her babe soon to be born—and for Stacy.

Her terror lifted somewhat and her strength came slowly back so that she busied herself with whatever she could find to do. But each hour became a night, and morning a thing never to come. Water ran a steady stream across the cabin floor. The bottom of her nightdress clung like ice sheets around her legs as she walked and rocked, walked and rocked, until she climbed feebly into bed, only to pull herself back out again.

The cookstove She had forgotten the fire in the cookstove. That would warm her. Split logs laid on embers burst into flame, and she cried out, half laughing, half crying at sight of the dancing blaze. Almost immediately the room became so hot she dripped with perspiration. Slowly she sank into the rocker and raised her feet to the oven, hot and cold at the same time. And then the candle went out. It was that that made her do it. Panic took her senses and she could not find another candle.

The creek roared louder in the dark, a terrifying enemy. The loneliness became unbearable, and she put a coat over her shoulders and went out into the storm.

The trail over the hill seemed not so far with Stacy waiting at the other end. The thunder seemed to be farther in the distance, and the hardest of the pelting rain had ended. Yet, how could a trail so well remembered in the daytime have to be felt for now? Hands found familiar places; rocks which days before had threatened to unfoot her were friends to hold her feet against the slippery clay. It was two steps up and a slide back—but progress nonetheless, with each step a prayer that she would find her way in time. Holly reached the rock where last she had sat and vowed not to pass the rocky trail soon again. She stopped and squeezed the water from her sodden hair. The crest of the hill was ahead, then the down path and not far to go. Sucking clay pulled at her shoes, so sodden and heavy she could no longer pick them up one before the other; so she pulled her feet free and left the only shoes she owned buried in the mud on the trail.

Now she prayed aloud in gasping breath as she worked her way up the hill; then she called for Jesse until she felt herself go suddenly warm and pleasant with a comforting weakness where pain had been. This is how people die, she thought. This is where they'll find me—lying here on the muddy trail. The last ounce of strength ebbed from her body. There was only the warmth and the weakness and the sound of her own voice calling — Jesse — far away as in a dream.

* * * * *

WHEN Holly opened her eyes it was daylight, and she was lying in a bed. She snapped her eyes shut again. Her hands explored the rough woolen quilt. She felt so good, the air smelled so clean—and new—like freshly washed clothes not yet worn. She opened her eyes

again. A ribbon of water trickled down the wall near the foot of the bed. She strained to hear something forgotten for the love of this sweet moment. Rain! Jesse! The horrible, slippery trail. She popped up to a sitting position and looked around her.

"Stacy!" A cry, this, from a throat hoarse with crying. "Stacy! How did I get here? Where's Jesse?"

"No need to cry out now, Holly, nor to fret. It's all over—and don't kick up the end of the bed. You'll send your son a flying."

Jesse stood, when he came, in the doorway, a man grown older in a night. He stood with shoulders stooped a little, the bold stance of his legs gone, as he paused, shaking the water from his hair, brushing down his trousers with one hand. In the other he held a silty cloth behind him. Holly tried for a smile, but brought a flood of tears instead that had Jesse on his knees by the bed.

"It is all over now, Holly love," he exclaimed, "and you a mother. . . ." His head burrowed on her chest, his voice came muffled. "I never should have left you. Not ever." He raised his head and found Holly's hand warm in his. "What fortune I found you when I did. Your nightdress white against the blackened trail stopped the horse from trampling you where you lay."

"I thought I would die on the trail. I did for truth. . . . What do you have in your hand, Jesse?"

"Your bonnet. It was hanging on a bush near where the cabin door had been tossed there by the water."

"And everything is gone?"

"Everything."

"And those below?"

"Washed out some. Not much left for the sun or the crickets or for anyone else. But don't you worry, Holly love, the Lord won't see us starve."

"Oh, Jesse! Your love is true, and mine as strong as yours."

And on that day Holly started a diary:

August 17, 1854

So much has come to us this day. Our home is gone, the plantings washed away —and I have had a baby.

(To be concluded)

Lupine and Larkspur

Ivy Houtz Woolley

Hot fingers of the sun stay not their will to rise
And bloom above the sand, blue magic in their eyes.
Hot fingers of the wind touch petals, tenderly,
Then leave each silken flower to glow where none can see.

Blue gypsies of the waste, with stardust on their lips—
Winged nomads of the plains find nectar in deep sips.
In azure velvet dress, they stand in clusters tall,
The desert urges them to blossom at her call.

Blue gypsies of the waste, small fragments of the sky,
Come bringing subtle charm where all is drab and dry.

Let's Visit a Desert Botanical Garden

Marijane Morris

Mountain-born, island born, or from the desert country, you will find yourself completely fascinated when you begin the nature walk in the Desert Botanical Garden of Arizona at Tempe.

This garden (on Highway 89) is not marked with road advertising. There are only a simple sign and stone entrance posts proclaiming what it is, and marking the way into an enchanted land of thousands of desert plants in a single setting. In this world plants grow erect, climb, creep, or are just small growths in the ground. Their very grotesqueness will rouse your admiration and respect.

The Desert Botanical Garden is operated by the Arizona Cactus and Native Flora Society, a non-profit, educational organization supported, in part, by an endowment from the late Gertrude Divine Webster, but, principally, by membership and donations. It costs the visitor nothing to see these plants in a setting produced by many hours of planning, vision, love, and dedication. All that could be required of anyone is a camera permit and that the tourist stay on the black-topped walks and away from the cacti. (There are seeds that might be killed and plants too small to be seen.) For a small amount, the visitor may purchase a bulletin giving detailed information about each species. The different kinds of cacti and other desert plants are numbered to correspond with the numbers in the pamphlet.

You may be surprised to find that cacti are found almost exclusively in the New World. There are something like one hundred genera and 1,800 species, wild and cultivated. Here in the Desert Botanical Garden, there are 8,000 to 9,000 species of desert plants, of which about 1,300 are cacti.

Once we let a cactus or any desert plant "stick us," we are forever awed by this vegetation that survives in an area of little rainfall, a high percentage of sunshine, and high temperatures. Only the most heroic of plants can prosper in a desert.

The plants now on our deserts seem even more remarkable when we learn that they are relics of a heavy plant population that once occupied the area when rainfall was greater. These survivors gradually built up resistance to drought conditions as the area became increasingly dry.

Many of us know by sight the stately Saguaro (so-wha'ro). This cactus is Arizona's state flower and the best example of the desert's living reservoir. The pronounced ribs of this plant expand and contract in accordion fashion to store and use water. The one in the Botanical Garden is approximately 180 years old. The Saguaro produces a waxy, showy flower, followed by red, juicy fruits of delicious flavor, and, if you have ever wondered at holes found in their stems, they are produced by the Gila woodpecker. This bird finds the Saguaro a wonderful place to nest. The Saguaro is a sensitive but stubborn plant. Whenever it is disturbed either by wind

W. Taylor Marshall

ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, DESERT BOTANICAL GARDEN
TEMPE, ARIZONA

or earth movement, it is likely to throw out another branch. Saguaro wood can be fashioned into furniture, lamps, can be used in house construction, and in numerous other ways.

It doesn't take long to recognize the chollas (chaw-ya), either, and here are thousands of other curious and beautiful varieties found in the Desert Botanical Garden. Among these are the so-called "jumping chollas." These cacti are supposed to jump at unwary visitors to the desert.

AS we continue through the Desert Botanical Garden, we find at stake number six, a cactus called the "Old Man of the Desert." Here is truly an oddity. The spines have a hair-like appearance and cover the tall, pole-shaped cactus as does an old man's beard. Their spines look soft, but how deceiving! This plant is young and is expected to attain a height of thirty feet or more.

Before you finish your walk, you may have a favorite cactus picked out. Maybe it will be the creeping plant called the caterpillar cactus. This one is found only on the Magdalena Plains of Baja, California, outside of cultivated gardens. One wonders where its roots are, as its branches crisscross over each other. If we consult our pamphlet, we read that its roots form the portion of the stem against the ground and that it grows forward at the rate of about five inches a year, dying off at the back at the same rate. In its native soil it forms dense colonies. It is correctly named; it looks like a caterpillar on the crawl. But unlike the caterpillars we know, its

Photographs by Josef Muench

NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS

YUCCA BLOSSOMS
(Desert Lily)
Family *Liliaceae*

PRICKLY PEAR
Opuntia Englmannii

dagger-like spines can penetrate the heaviest of boots.

As we follow along the trail, we discover the organ-pipe cactus, which has a night-blooming flower and a delicious fruit. Quite possibly, we may look at the next plant and exclaim: "A Saguaro" But it isn't. It resembles its relative, the Saguaro, and meets the Arizona cactus just south of the border, but from there on it belongs to Baja, California, and Sonora, Mexico. Technically it is called *Pachycereus pringlei*. However, once we have seen the knobby surface of this totem-pole cactus we will never forget it. It lacks the pronounced ribs of most cacti and has a bumpy surface much like an Indian totem pole.

As this garden contains not only cacti, but desert plants of all kinds, you will discover that the century plant and the Joshua tree, and many other plants in this garden are *not* true cacti. The century plant is a curious thing, which spends its entire life storing food and water in its leaves and then sends up a flower stalk, five to thirty-five feet into the air. This stalk shoots upward at the almost unbelievable rate of six to sixteen inches a day. Its lifetime is over after it produces one crop of flowers and the accompanying fruits. This plant belongs to the Amaryllis family.

The Joshua tree is a member of the lily family. It is regarded as the oldest living thing on the desert! Some are estimated to be 1,000 years old. Yucca, the "Spanish Bayonet," with its radiant creamy blossoms, also belongs to the lily family and adorns the deserts throughout the Southwest. The prickly pear is said to be the only other desert plant whose range is more widespread.

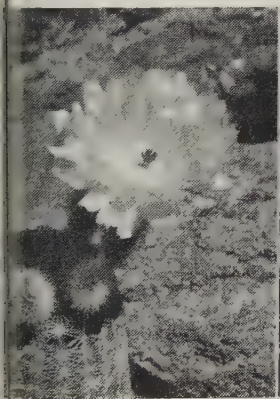
Most of us recognize the Ocotillo (ok-o-te-yo) or scarlet torch, also not a cactus. For much of the year the Ocotillo presents leafless, spiny wand-like stems up to twelve feet long, all arising from the common base. When it rains these stems leaf out with small groups of leaves at the base of each spine. Then, in a few days, the scarlet, tubular

owers grow from the apex of each tem, and as the flowers open the caves fall off. At the next rainfall ne process starts all over again.

AS every story or event must have a high interest at one point, so oes our nature walk through the esert Botanical Garden. It is the uminum lath house we reach about alf way through our walk. There enough lath in this desert shelter reach to the heart of Phoenix, estward some eight miles. Hunreds of cacti and desert plants are oused here, the ones that cannot ke the full sun or the winter mperatures or which must have umidity. The soil is especially epared and the plants are in raised ds. They thrive in this soil and mosphere. (The soil consists of lt, sharp sand, and fertilizer.)

In this lath house are some of the rden's most unusual plants. There a cactus, *Pereskia*, a plant from ie West Indies which represents ie first transition from roses to cti. There is the plant with small ood-red blooms called "crown of thorns," which belongs to the Poinsettia family, and the "firecracker" species of cacti from South America. This type has red day flowers that resemble firecrackers in size, shape, and color. There is a swamp cactus that requires so much water during hot weather that an overhead sprinkler operates day and night to stimulate natural environment. In a glass-topped display case, are species of the fig-marigolds from South Africa, which closely resemble the pebbles among which they grow. The lath houses shelters desert species of the pineapple family, trees and shrubs of the American and African deserts, including two elephant-wood trees and a coral tree, as well as crested forms of cacti. This cresting is a breakdown of cell structure probably caused by radio-activity of the soil in which they were growing when they were found. There is a crested Saguaro cactus, with a fan-shaped top, at the garden entrance.

Outside, and on the path again, one is quite unexpectedly in a small clearing. It is an outdoor living



otographs by Josef Muench

RAINBOW CACTUS
chinocereus rigidissimus

HEDGEHOG CACTUS
Echinocereus Arizonicus

SUN CEREUS
Heliocereus speciosus

room which in time, will be completely shaded by umbrella trees. The desert quietness is persuasive here and tends to relax and invigorate as one sits a few precious moments.

Many curious and beautiful varieties of cacti are prized as hothouse plants, among them the night-blooming cereus. A perfect way to end our nature walk is to visit the "night-blooming patio," by going through the administration building and out the south door. Here, we will find the nightingales of the cacti. They "sing" with their lovely night beauty, but are gone when the sun lights the desert.

Last year some 120,000 visitors viewed these desert plants. The garden is open to the public October 1st to May 1st daily, except Mondays, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. In May, June, and September it is open only on Saturday and Sunday from 1 P.M. to 6 P.M. and is closed during July and August.

The Joy of Renewal

Naomi M. Manwaring

THERE are times, when through the necessity of making a daily living, or through too much cluttering of our lives with nonessentials, we lose contact with the more important and worthwhile activities.

Sometimes we take so for granted that which we have that we fail to enjoy our blessings. Then, when they are taken away from us for awhile, we come to the full realization of what we have missed, when we experience a renewal.

It happened to me yesterday, the joy of renewal, when for the first time in two years, I was privileged again to attend Relief Society.

Now, as I look back, perhaps I was not appreciative enough of the wonderful blessings that were mine during the many years I attended and worked in Relief Society. Perhaps I needed that fallow period in order to realize the full significance of this inspired organization.

This I do know, that yesterday when I attended Relief Society, the full impact of the greatness of this work enveloped me. I realized the abundance of blessings attending those sisters who came out to partake of the testimonies, prayers, lessons, and music.

Humbly I bowed my head in prayer and gratefulness for the blessings of the sweet spirit of love, the friendliness and companionship of my sisters that was present, for the contentment and happiness that surrounded each one of us at that meeting.

I am truly grateful to my Father for the blessing that is mine again and the joy that comes from the renewal of my active membership.

Sorrow's Treasure

Ada Marie Patten

Sorrow has a treasure
It yields in generous measure.

It is the rare endowment
Beyond all we have known
To feel another's heartache
As keenly as our own.

Ice Cream for the "Fourth"

Maryhale Woolsey

FROM its first sunup moment, it seemed, that day—July 4, 1904—was bright and hot. "She's a blazer," Papa said when he brought the morning milk in, frothing high in the shiny brass pail; and "She's sure one blazer!" he said again when he came in from the graveyard to eat dinner. His face was rosy and perspiring, and his blue madras shirt had wide streaks of wetness down its back. He filled the washbasin with cool water and dipped his face in it, and doused it over his hair.

I went to the wide-open door and stared over the expanse of Oregon sagebrush stretching away to the top of a hill, past the curling line of green that was Willow Creek meandering its way. Over westward were our neighbors' ranches, where lay the purple-bloomed fields of alfalfa where Papa's bees flew to gather honey. I couldn't see anything anywhere that looked like blazes. Puzzled, I came back and slid into my chair.

"Blazer or not, it doesn't seem like the Fourth of July," Mama was saying, as she set a big bowl of creamed peas and new potatoes on the table next to the platter of fried ham. Her blue-flowered calico dress looked wilted, her bangs were combing uncurled, and her face was plumpy pink. "No parade to go to, no program with speeches and singing, no flags to wave." Her voice sounded wobbly.

"Dickens of a note," said Papa. "Why didn't we think? We could have sent to Sears and Roebuck and got a flag. We really ought to have one."

"No picnic like back home," Mama went on. (*Home*, to Mama, was a Utah farm near mountains, with a canyon always deep-green and cool and tangy with smells of pine trees and spruce. I almost knew what it was like, myself, from hearing her tell about it so much.) "Not even. . . ." Here Mama's voice had a break in it, and I looked up and saw her eyes blinking tears back. "Not even a dish of ice cream to eat!"

"We sure ought to have ice cream for the Fourth of July," Papa said. "It'd sure taste good, too, a day like this." He looked sad.

I felt sad, too. I remembered ice cream, from a day last summer in twenty-miles-away Vale, where Papa had taken us to an ice-cream parlor. It was all pink and white, with tables that had round wood tops and queer—but pretty—twisted-wire legs; one set was children's size, special. I sat at that one with Benjie and Freddie, who ate their ice cream down real fast and howled for more—which Papa said they couldn't have; but I ate mine slowly, savoring the cold delightful sweetness of long thin "licks" off each spoonful, so mine lasted longest of anybody's.

I came back from remembering, to hear Mama say, "Oh, it isn't really important, I guess. We've got so much to be happy about—

the honey crop looking so good, and . . . everything. . . ."

Benjie and Freddie, with bibs tied over their blue denim rompers, were eating peas and potatoes as fast as they could. I guessed they couldn't remember ice cream yet; I guessed remembering didn't start till you were about five and had napkins instead of bibs. I tucked mine carefully in at the neck of my favorite red and white checkered gingham everyday dress, feeling glad I didn't have to have it all covered up with a big bib like Mama was tying around baby sister Linda; her dress, made of the same goods as mine, hardly could be seen.

All at once Papa spoke up so loud it made me jump. "Lib, why can't we *make* some ice cream?" ("Lib" was Mama when Papa got excited or mad.) "I could get some ice from old man Gregory's place; he's got a cave full of it up there, he stored from the creek last winter. He'd let me have enough to freeze a gallon of ice cream."

Mama's eyes lighted up bright-blue for a minute and then faded. "It's five miles, at least, to Gregory's. Take half a day. . . ."

"Well! What's half a day when it's the Fourth of July? We ought to have some ice cream, and I guess we can knock off for the afternoon —when it's a holiday like this!"

"Besides, we haven't any ice cream freezer," Mama said.

"Oh, I had forgotten," Papa said. "Why didn't we bring along the Co-op store when we came to Oregon? The hardware department, anyway." He began to rub his chin, his face thoughtful. "Maybe we can rig up something; there ought to be some way. . . ."

"I don't know . . . ice cream freezers are so different from anything else," Mama began. "But you're good at rigging things up, dear; just maybe, you. . . ."

"I've got it!" Papa jumped up and went to the corner where the wash tubs were, and set the smallest one on the ironing table. Then he got a ten-pound size lard pail from the high shelf, one of the extra strong pails that we were saving to put honey in, when the extracting was done, and set it inside the tub. Taking hold of the pail by the little round knobs at the sides, he began to turn the pail this way and that; a half-turn left and then a half-turn right.

"Now, see—we put the custard in the pail and put the cover on; then we put the ice and salt around it, in the tub, and I move it back and forth this way. Every so often we open it up and you can beat the custard with the eggbeater to make it fluffy. See?"

"Oh, darling!" Mama said, breathless. "If you aren't the smartest man! Do you suppose it'll really work?"

"I don't see why not." Papa came back to finish his eating. He looked mighty proud. "Anyway, we're sure going to find out. Now, look, you'd better get the custard made right away, so it'll have time to cool. I'll raise you a tubful of water to set the kettle in; that'll help, and you can save the water for washday or Saturday baths. And how about making a chocolate layer cake to go with the ice cream? Seeing as you have to have the stove hot anyway to cook the custard?"

"I'll do it!" Mama promised. "Shall I make the ice cream with

ixed vanilla and lemon flavors?" he bright-blue sparkle was in her es again, dancing with happiness. "Mixed will be fine," said Papa.

ALL four of us children trailed Papa excitedly while he drew the buckets of water from the ep walled-up well, and chopped tra stovewood from the pile of gebrush clearings, and and hitched the horses to the spring wagon. ıen we stood by the gate watchg him drive down the long lane tween tall white-clover hedges, til he crossed the creek bridge and rned out of sight onto the hill id.

It was a long, long afternoon—in ite of the busyness in the kitchen. ama and I wore our best white rons and Mama let me help beat gs and mix flour-and-milk thickenfor the custard, and stir the e batter while she was greasing tins. I got a few good licks at mixing spoons, too; but Benjie d Freddie, as a reward for carrying wood and kindling chips (therekeeping out from underfoot), got bowls to scrape. Linda slept ırly all afternoon. "Thank goodss!" Mama said, telling Papa afterrds.

Long before we could expect him, kept going to the gate and ıinting our eyes down the lane to tch for Papa. Especially with a w old team like our Tom and ıah, ten miles of driving along dusty, rutted wagon road up illow Creek would take hours, ıma said. Of course, Papa and . Gregory would have to talk ne, before ever they'd start to get ice out and load it, and cover ll up with sawdust and lots of gunnysacks so the hot sun wouldn't melt it away before Papa could get home with it.

Mama's sigh of relief, when at last Papa's wagon appeared turning into our lane, was no deeper nor longer than mine.

Then, such excitement—*ice*—and not wintertime! We drank ice water enough to float us away, Papa said. We fondled chunks of the cold, sparkling, miraculous stuff until our fingers were blue and stiff—and we loved it!

The rigged-up ice cream freezer wasn't exactly perfect, Papa was finding. He got tired standing up by the table "agitating" the pail, so he had to stop and fix a low bench so he could sit down. His hands got cold, and he said it must have brought on his rheumatism, the way his fingers hurt. He stopped again while he hunted up a pair of wool gloves to put on. He would rest each time the pail was opened up for Mama to use the eggbeater. She took a few whacks too at the "agitating," but she had to get our supper—we had the rest of the peas and potatoes and some canned salmon and lettuce leaves with vinegar, and because we were so hungry and the ice cream wasn't frozen yet, we ate the chocolate layer cake! Then Papa went back to the freezing business again.

MAMA and I did the dishes; the sun went down and the twilight deepened. After awhile the midsummer full moon came sailing up above the east hill. Papa moved out to the back yard. "Too pretty a night to stay inside," he said, "and besides it's quite a lot cooler out."

We brought chairs out and sat around, waiting.

At last, opening the lard-pail for maybe the twentieth time, Papa said, "I'm fagged. It's not like it ought to be, but I'm going to call it ice cream and we're going to eat it. Now or never."

"Poor darling; you've worked so hard!" Mama said.

She began to fill the glass dishes. Oh, but they looked festive, heaped with pale-yellow mounds and with their rims sparkling in the moonlight like fairy rings! At the very last, Mama piled two extra spoonfuls into Papa's dish.

He grinned tiredly. "Don't know if I want it now that I've made it," he said.

"Why, darling!" Mama told him, "of course you want it. Taste it!"

He did, and perked up at once. "Why, it's not half bad!" he exclaimed. "Not bad at all. Not half bad!"

We all began joyously to eat. There were hard icy lumps that had escaped the eggbeater's blades, and the texture was splintery with ice crystals; but it was cold and sweet and tasted wonderfully of mixed vanilla and lemon flavorings, and the moonlight added magic, I guess, to make it unforgettable.

"Next year," Papa said, "I'm going to organize the ranch folks around here for a Fourth of July celebration that will make you sit up and take notice. We'll have flags and ice cream freezers, and speeches and—everything. You'll see. . . ."

We did see, and it was wonderful and we never had another Fourth without its just due of celebration. But no ice cream that ever came after had quite the miraculous quality and flavor of that which was made in Papa's rigged-up freezer and eaten, lumps and ice splinters and all, joyously in the midsummer moonlight of that first Fourth on Willow Creek.

Mother to Daughter

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

I have been here before, before,
With bright gifts in my hand,
Viewing the waiting walls, as you,
From where you stand.

I brought crystal and china, too,
Hung each cup on a hook,
Placed each pan and kettle so,
Each shining vase, each book.

Oh, I was here before, before
I knew your lovely face;
Or knew those tender hours would bring
Joy, indefinite as grace,

To blend with this new wonderment,
Nebulous in tone;
While you who reached to light my lamp,
Now light your own.

Thomson

SENTINEL PINE IN YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK, CALIFORNIA

Mountain Pine

Vesta N. Lukei

If it can reach the sky
Where wild geese go,
If it has strength to bear
The winter snow,
If cones at bough-tips stand
Like candle glow,
If, sheltered near it, quaking
Aspen grow.
And gold Brodiaea, asters
Bloom below,
How tall a pine may be
I need not know.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, July 1, and July 15, 1897

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

LETTER FROM CANADA: The Relief Society is still looking after the interests and welfare spiritually and temporally of the sisters in this locality, there are comparatively few who require financial assistance, but there are many who are willing and able to assist in sickness, of which we have very little, or aid in the many benevolent enterprises to keep means in our treasury. We have organized one new society in the last year that is composed principally of young married sisters. . . . It is a matter of surprise the amount of talent and excellent ability that seems to be the natural inheritance of the children of the Saints. . . .

—Zina Y. Card

THE BRIGHAM YOUNG MONUMENT UNVEILED: The immense multitude burst into applause as President Woodruff arose, then silence fell again and the honored veteran of ninety years said in clear tones and audible voice while the great multitude was hushed in eager listening, "In the name of God I now unveil this monument," and instantly the Stars and Stripes began to unfold and fall away from the granite column, revealing to the people the heroic, bronze figure of the great Pioneer leader Brigham Young.

—Editorial

DEATH OF THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE: We offer a tribute of love to Teresa Clawson Wells, the beloved wife of Governor Heber M. Wells and daughter of H. B. and Sister Margaret Clawson of this city. . . . As a child the writer remembers Teresa as very beautiful in face and figure, fair as a lily, with long golden curls, and better still, gentle in all her ways and beloved by her associates for her unsefishness and amiability. . . . She was a devoted daughter and affectionate sister. . . . Mrs. Wells died in the very bloom of womanhood in the midst of a rich life . . . an exceptionally devoted wife, a tender and true mother and well calculated to entertain and do honor to the position of her husband as the Chief Executive of the State. . . .

—Editorial

OLD AGE

How grand, how beautiful is old age!
The crowning glory of a life well spent,
That, looking back, can see no rent,
But noble effort writ on every page;
Truly it is a noble heritage,
That lovely, gentle grace which time has lent. . . .

—Ruth M. Fox

A PIONEER WOMAN'S BIRTHDAY: Monday, June 14th, was the birthday anniversary of Sister Mary Jane Thompson, a pioneer of 1847, although at that time she had not entered her teens. Sister Thompson's parents were veterans in the Church and she is the cousin of Prest. Joseph F. Smith, their mothers were sisters and the daughters of Joseph Fielding, who with his family was among the first who embraced the Gospel in this dispensation. Sister Sarah M. Kimball and Sister Thompson's son Robert, arranged a surprise for Sister Thompson and invited a few of her intimate friends and Sister Kimball presented her with an elegant ornamented birthday cake with her name on it.

—News Note

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

BELLE S. SPAFFORD, General President of Relief Society, in ay, attended the convention of e American Association of Practi- l Nurses in Atlantic City, New rsey, as a member of their board. ıe also met with the members of e National Board of the American others Association in New York ty, the association which selects e American Mother of the year. ıe conferred with leaders of the ıtional Council of Women of the ıited States, and met informally th officers of the New York Stake elief Society.

MRS. HAZEL HEMPEL ABEL, of Lincoln, Nebraska, sixty- ght year old mother of four daugh- s and one son (all outstanding), the American Mother of 1957. An -school teacher, she successfully nnaged her husband's big con- uction company, as president, for teen years after his death. She o contributed much to her home, urch, and community. For fifty- e days, in 1954, she filled an un- pired term as United States Sena- , having beaten fourteen men mpetitors in a political race.

MRS. GENEVIEVE RAINE CURTIS, Salt Lake City, a great-granddaughter of Brigham Young, and wife of A. R. Curtis, retired businessman, was named Utah Mother of the Year. Mrs. Curtis is the first and only woman to be elected to the Salt Lake City Board of Education. A director of several business firms, she has also been very active in civic assignments and Church work. Adept in the domestic virtues, she has reared eight sons, two daughters, (one died at seventeen), and a foster daughter for twelve years. Mrs. Curtis has given years of devoted service to Relief Society. All her children hold positions of responsibility.

MRS. DAN SHERWOOD, sixty-seven-year-old Latter-day Saint widow of Mesa, Arizona, was selected as Arizona Mother of 1957. Mrs. Sherwood is the mother of ten sons and four daughters, all of unusual accomplishments. She also has sixty-seven grandchildren.

GERRI BUCHER, Latter-day Saint girl from Salt Lake City, is doing some beautiful ballet work. She has been on an extended tour with the San Francisco Ballet Company through the Far East, including India and the Philippines, and will be on another foreign tour soon.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 44 JULY 1957 NO. 7

The Spirit of the Pioneer

HERE come the Pioneers! Each year the children watched eagerly for the first glimpse of the "whitetop" with the side curtains rolled up to reveal the row of pioneers sitting smiling and waving at their townfolks who lined the roadside. That was always the climax of the July Twenty-Fourth parade.

A pioneer woman to the children was an old woman with skin weathered and wrinkled from the burning rays of the sun, the cutting winds of winter, and the dry, alkali dust. Her back was bent from bending over a washtub, bending over to stir the soap grease, bending over the hot cook stove, bending over the ironing board, bending over the cradle. Her palms and knees were calloused from kneeling to scrub, kneeling to weed her garden, kneeling to pray. The soles of her feet were leathery from walking miles with worn or no shoes, either walking of necessity, or walking to minister to the sick and dying who would otherwise go uncared for and uncomforted.

The children were in their teens before they realized that, when those pioneer women came West, they had been young, not old. They had grown old in fulfilling their destinies. They had, in the beginning for a short time, been straight in form, with light step, ruddy, smooth cheeks, with quick, easy movements, red lips ready for a song or laughter. In their youth they chose their future path—dictated by a firm conviction and knowledge of the truth—the path which caused them to forsake their silken gowns, their mahogany bedsteads, their fragile china, their flowering gardens. But each tried to include in her scant stores for the journey westward, just a sample of her former gracious living.

The journey had been hard, for many of the old, the middle-aged, and even the young—dearly beloved ones—had finished their earth journeys before they finished the western journey. Those who remained had stilled their sorrow, their heartache, and silently endured homesickness, loneliness, hunger, pain, and anguish. They joyed in the small pleasures of each day, filled with a rare contentment that they were in the Lord's work and helping to fulfill his prophecies.

The pioneer women would gladly have traveled much further had they been permitted to settle, at length, in green pastures. But they gave reverence to the Priesthood of God and were obedient to its decisions. The pioneer women were to be smoothed and polished in the friction of adversity so that, deep bedded within them, the abiding qualities of thrift, unselfishness, perseverance, patience, diligence, and humility might increase and blossom.

Today, Latter-day Saint women, by lineage or adoption, are four, five,

x generations removed from their ioneer mothers. Do the same at- ibutes of character continue to ide in their descendants who now ve in ease, blessed with plenty? In time of adversity, do their convic- ons of the truth carve out a raight path to be followed?

Do the same hidden forces of piritual discernment guide Mary in ne rearing of her children after her usband was killed in an auto acci- ent, as guided Sister Bailey to rear er faithful family after her husband as killed by the Indians? Sister wens accompanied her husband to desert wasteland and there bore id reared his children amid dang- s and privations—but in a home lled with love and consideration. oes Jane possess the same qualities s she leaves her small girlhood mmunity to accompany her hus- and to live among a strange people an alien land? Sister Johnson left l she loved on earth for the greater ve of the gospel and found joy mong faithful, welcoming saints. oes Gretchen receive the loving elcome in this day from her sisters the gospel?

The same opportunities for ac- uiring a pioneer spirit along life's ay continue to be offered Latter- ay Saint women today, although in ifferent surroundings and under ifferent guises. The way no longer olds the prairie schooner, the In- ian, the buffalo. It traverses the arth, the waters, and the clouds ith incredible speed, yet the way emains hard. Household tasks are ccomplished with incredible ease, et love must grow and be nurtured o fill the home. In the evening mily members may sit and behold with varied interest the wonders of the world; but the closeness and solidarity of family life must be carefully cultivated. No longer does the family invariably gather around the dining or kitchen table beside the warm stove while the clock ticks and the eight staccato strokes mark the time for prayers and bed for the younger family members. This pattern has passed away, and a new one must be charted to reap the former harvest.

The pioneer mother accepted harsh conditions to build upon everlasting values. Pleasant conveniences and the wish for luxuries did not blind her to her supreme duty of motherhood. She served her household first and her presence was considered vital to the well-being of family members. She stood a source of virtue and strength in times of trouble and joy—a beloved companion and a gracious, loving mother.

Perchance a pioneer woman is any woman who accepts her daily living pattern and performs its tasks as they are allotted to her. This she does because of her firm conviction in the individual plan for her of an all-wise Heavenly Father. She sees beyond the present through to the glorious end. Her pioneer spirit gives her an incentive to make do with what is at hand and causes her to stand independent of the urges and follies of the world. Of overwhelming importance is the spiritual welfare of her family. Habits of industry and thrift set the example for her children.

When the children who watched the parade are themselves old, will they, too, be pioneers, respected and revered?

—M. C. S.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Buying Textbooks for Relief Society Lessons

FROM inquiries which come to the general board it would seem that some Relief Society officers and class leaders are not acquainted with the recommended procedure for acquiring necessary textbooks for lessons.

The education counselor in both the stake and the ward should present to the president of the respective organizations, a list of the textbooks which will be needed to teach the Relief Society lessons during the coming season. She should then be authorized to purchase these books with funds from the Relief Society general fund. The education counselors should see that the name of the Relief Society organization is written in each book before giving it to the respective stake or ward class leader for her use. At the end of the course the education counselor is responsible for collecting the books and placing them in the Relief Society library.

Where a teacher wishes to purchase her own textbook in order to be able to mark it and keep it after the conclusion of the course, it is recommended that the Relief Society organization should also purchase a textbook: 1. in order that the book may become a part of the Relief Society library; 2. to be available for use by those given special assignments; 3. because a change of teachers might be necessary during the course, and at that time it might be impossible for the Relief Society organization to purchase a copy of the desired textbook.

Education counselors are urged to safeguard Relief Society libraries and to be alert to opportunities of adding to them gifts of Church and other worthwhile books.

Serenity

Dora Toone Brough

I saw serenity today in such
Abundance, and I lingered for awhile—
A woman's countenance with just a touch
Of tenderness that blended with a smile;
Her aged face showed wisdom and a ray
Of brightness beamed, much like refiner's gold
In rare design, for she had found each day
A lasting graciousness while growing old.

Life's twilight calm had brought tranquility,
And love of God gave her serenity.

Recipes From the South African Mission

Submitted by Nora C. Duncan

Chutney

lb. dried apricots
lb. onions
lb. raisins
c. sugar
oz. salt
4 c. white vinegar
10 chilies or
3 tbsp. cayenne pepper
(amount of pepper may be decreased if desired)

Leave apricots in vinegar overnight. The next day mince all ingredients. Add sugar d mix well and then bottle. Do not cook.

Serve as a condiment with beef curry or chicken curry and rice, but can be served th any kind of meat.

Pickled Fish

lbs. fish (salmon or halibut)
c. water
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper

Cut the fish into half-inch thick slices, season with salt and pepper. Arrange carelly in a large baking pan and then pour in the water and bake in a hot oven, 400 grees, for fifteen minutes or until tender. In the meantime, prepare the curry sauce follows:

urry Sauce:

3 large onions
2 c. vinegar
½ c. water
3 tbsp. sugar
2 tbsp. curry powder
2 tbsp. flour or corn flour (corn meal)

Peel the onions and cut into fairly thick rings. Put into the saucepan and add e water. Then bring the onions to the boiling point and allow them to cook for two three minutes, but not until soft. Mix together in a bowl the dry ingredients and ld the vinegar. Then stir mixture into the onions and water. Cook until smooth, for a inute or two.

Arrange the fish carefully in a glass dish into which pour first a layer of the curry uce and then a layer of fish. Cover the layer of fish with the remaining curry sauce. ave for a day or two before serving. It will keep indefinitely in a refrigerator or cool ace.

Bobotee

lb. beef (raw or cooked)
onion
tbsp. curry powder
tbsp. chutney
egg
6-8 almonds
1 tsp. salt
1 tbsp. lemon juice or vinegar
1 large slice of bread

Put the meat through a food chopper, together with the onion. Add the curry wder, chutney, coarsely chopped almonds, salt, and vinegar or lemon juice, together ith bread soaked in cold water then squeezed dry. Break in one egg, then mix well gether. Put into a pie pan and place on top shelf in a hot oven (400 degrees) for out fifteen minutes or until a crust has formed.

Raw meat will produce a better flavored Bobotee than cooked meat. Mutton for is dish is superior to beef. (Instead of chutney, apricot jam may be used, or sugar, d should almonds not be available, they may be omitted.)

Custard for Bobotee:

2 eggs
1 tsp. sugar
1 tsp. curry powder
1 tbsp. corn flour (corn meal)
1½ c. boiling milk
2 tbsp. butter

While the pie shell (Bobotee) is baking prepare the custard filling. Break the eggs into a bowl, add the sugar, curry powder, and corn flour diluted with a little cold water. Mix well. Gradually pour in the boiling milk. Return to saucepan over the fire and stir until custard mixture just commences to thicken, then remove and pour on top of hot Bobotee. Put in a 250 to 300 degree oven and bake thirty minutes or until a nice golden brown.

Swartbek Boontjies (Bean) Curry

1 c. small lima beans
pinch of soda
2 onions
2 tbsp. drippings (fat)
1½ tsp. sugar
2 lbs. beef or mutton
salt and pepper to taste
2 tbsp. curry powder
1 tbsp. flour or meal
lemon juice

Soak the beans overnight in cold water, and the following day put over the fire, together with a pinch of bicarbonate of soda. Cook gently until slightly tender. Cut up the onions fine, and cook to a nice golden brown in the drippings (fat). Add stewing beef or mutton cut into small pieces and sprinkled with salt and pepper. Then cook gently for about an hour, without adding any water, as the meat will draw its own juice. Blend together the curry powder, flour or meal, and sugar. Stir into the meat and allow to cook for a few minutes. Then add the beans, together with water in which they are cooked. Cook gently until meat and beans are quite tender and the curry nicely browned. Season well with salt and pepper and a little lemon juice. Serve with rice.

The beans used for this curry are small white beans with a black center. They have a characteristic flavor and are popular in Cape Town. But, if they are not available, small lima beans may be used.

Koesisters

2 c. flour
2 tbsp. butter
1 egg
1 tbsp. baking powder
pinch of salt
¾ c. milk (or less)

Sift the dry ingredients into a bowl and then cream in the butter. Add the milk to the well-beaten egg, and then add to flour mixture to make a soft dough. Roll out to about one-fourth inch thick. Cut with cutter or twist. Fry in hot oil to golden brown and dip at once into cold syrup.

Syrup:

2½ c. sugar
1 c. water
½ tsp. tartaric acid
1 piece of cinnamon

Boil the sugar and water for ten minutes, then add the tartaric acid and cinnamon. This syrup will keep for months in an airtight tin.

Honeycomb Cream

2 c. milk
3 eggs
4 tbsp.sugar
1 tsp. vanilla
1¼ tbsp. gelatine
4 tbsp. cold water
pinch of salt

Bring milk to boiling point. Then pour onto the beaten yolks of the eggs and sugar. Return to the saucepan and add the gelatine soaked in cold water, and bring again to boiling point. Then remove at once and add vanilla and a pinch of salt. Cool slightly, then pour onto the stiffly beaten egg whites.

When mixture comes to the boil, curdling will commence, and eggs will separate from the milk and sink to the bottom. The egg whites, being lighter, will rise to the top, and so when the mould is turned out there will be a layer of clear jelly at the top, next a layer of cream, and lastly a frothy layer.

Serve with fresh or canned fruit and top with a thin custard or vanilla pudding.

Milk Tart

Filling:

1 tbsp. flour
1½ tbsp. corn flour (corn meal)
2 eggs
2 c. milk
2 tbsp. butter
4 tbsp. brown sugar (or sweeten to taste)
2 tbsp. ground almonds
4 sticks bark cinnamon

Pour milk into a saucepan, add cinnamon, and bring to boiling point. Mix the flour and sugar, add a little cold milk, and mix to a smooth paste. Pour into the boiling milk and cook for a few minutes.

Remove from the stove and add the butter. Allow to cool off and add the well-beaten egg yolks. Mix well. Then add stiffly beaten egg whites. If not sweet enough add more sugar and stir in ground almonds. (Almonds may be omitted.) Line plates with flaky pastry. Pour in the mixture and bake in hot oven of about 400 degrees. When baked, sift sugar and ground cinnamon (1 tsp. each mixed) over the top. This is better when served warm.

Yellow Rice

1 c. rice
½ c. seeded raisins
2 c. water
1 c. milk
½ tsp. salt
1 tbsp. butter
1 tsp. turmeric
1 tbsp. brown or white sugar

Wash the rice and add the other ingredients. Cook on low heat until the rice is well bulged with the consumed moisture. Then add the sugar. Leave twenty minutes longer. (Raisins may be omitted.)

Yellow rice is always served with roast potatoes, roast meat, and vegetables.

Together They Walk

Maude Rubin

I watched two doves. . . . They've raised their brood—
Now, two alone,
They walk along my garden path—
A path of stone.

No buds unfurl; the yellow leaves
Say summer's done . . .
But see them walk along together
In the sun!

The Long and Short of Marriage

THIS is a picture of an idea—and an ideal.

It is a picture of two fine young newlyweds—a tall, handsome, wholesome young bridegroom and a sweet but not-so-tall young bride. They have stars in their eyes—stars of eternal hope and happiness.

But the artist intended to suggest to us far more than this. He has here painted the dream of every normal, healthy young man and young woman—a dream filled with a honeymoon, a happy home, laughing, loving children, faith, trust, honor, achievement—all these and a never-ending love and life together.

Ask any starry-eyed newly-wedded couple how long they want *their* marriage to last, and the answer will come easily: "Forever"

Forever? Do they really mean *forever?* Not to end in the divorce court as thousands of American marriages now do? Marriage till death? Yes, that long and longer—for even then separation forever would be tragedy.

Theirs is the hope of eternal living and learning and loving together—an ideal—an eternal "togetherness" of parents and children in the old and hallowed patriarchal pattern, consecrated and enriched by the blessings of a loving and eternal Father in heaven so long as love and faith and fidelity shall endure.

There you have it: the long and the short of marriage. Which will you choose?

BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF

America, Cradle of Liberty

Elsie Matthews

LIBERTY is something very dear to the heart of everyone of us. It has been offered down through the stream of time as a reward for righteous living. When Lehi and his family came to America some six hundred years before Christ, the Lord told him that this was a choice land, choice above all other lands, and it should be a land of liberty to him and his descendants for evermore if they would live righteous lives. The Lord said he had kept this land from the knowledge of other nations for a wise purpose.

But the Nephites forgot the wonderful promises of the Lord and, although there were many very righteous people among them, as a whole, they became very wicked, and as the centuries passed, Jacob said they were more wicked than the Lamanites, and after the Nephite prophets pleaded with them for hundreds of years it seemed that their cup of iniquity was full, and the Lord allowed them to be swept completely off the land that would have been theirs for evermore had they repented. There was only one man left—that great Nephite prophet, Moroni. He was hiding in the hills, watching the battles in the valley below, and he saw the last of his people destroyed and, being alone, he had no one to whom he could deliver the golden plates—the records of his people—the written history of the Nephites, so he buried them. With the death of Moroni, the world entered a period of spiritual darkness, which the world called the Dark Ages, and for many centuries the Lamanites roamed at will.

But America was destined to become the birthplace of the restored gospel, and for that it had to be prepared. It had to be repopulated. But first it had to be discovered. And we see Columbus filled with

an irresistible urge to sail out over the ocean—nothing could stop him. The Book of Mormon tells us that the spirit of God came down and wrought upon the man, and he sailed out over the great waters and came to the land of Lehi's children. Thus was America discovered.

There seemed to be a spirit of unrest over all the countries of Europe at this time. Many reformers sprang up, many new religions were started. People were beginning to rebel at religious oppression and they broke away from the established churches. These reformers were good men, deeply religious, and though they did it unconsciously, they prepared the way, they softened the path, for the Restoration. They were really the forerunners of Joseph Smith. Martin Luther did as much or more than any of them to break down religious oppression. Truly, "God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform."

Then we see the Pilgrims—that courageous little band of people, willing to brave the dangers of the Atlantic Ocean because they hoped that out here in this new land they would find freedom to live, work, and serve the Lord the way they wanted to, and after a voyage of nearly four months, they landed at Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Although many of them died the first winter of cold and hunger, enough survived to establish themselves, build little homes, and rear their families. Many others came from different parts of the Old World, and after 150 years from the time the Pilgrims came, the white population had greatly increased, and again we see the will of the Lord being done. But the colonies didn't possess the kind of liberty they believed they were entitled to, because they were still tied to the apron strings of the Mother Country, and at that time England was a rather harsh, tyrannical mother. King George III was becoming more demanding all the time. The thirteen colonies were heavily taxed and they had no voice in government, and naturally the people rebelled.

THERE were many outstanding men during those war years, many great and unforgettable characters. Patrick Henry was but one giant—in an age of giants. Who can forget Nathan Hale, that twenty-one-year old lad, standing on the scaffold, waiting for death, and regretting that he had but one life to give for liberty. And George Washington! How our hearts swell with pride and gratitude as we ponder him crossing the Delaware that bitterly cold night, spending a winter of hardship with his soldiers who were starving and freezing, their uniforms in rags, and Washington kneeling in the snow pleading with his Heavenly Father to show him the way. His prayer was answered, the colonies won the war, and were now free to form their own Government, make their own laws. And liberty was born.

And on a little island in New York harbor stands the Statue of Liberty. She's a magnificent lady as she stands there with her right hand held high above her head, holding the torch of liberty. She gazes out over the Atlantic Ocean as if to welcome the ships that sail

into the harbor. And down beneath her feet there is an inscription, a little verse, written by Emma Lazarus, and it reads like this:

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send these, the homeless, tempest tossed, to me:
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.

Now the time was drawing very near for the restoration of the gospel. In just a very few years the Prophet was born, and his name was Joseph, and his father's name was Joseph—just as the prophecy said it would be. And to him was given the power to bring forth a "voice from the dust," a voice of those who slumbered, which we know to be the golden plates that Moroni had buried there many centuries before. The Prophet Joseph's mission was to organize and establish the Church, then seal his testimony with his blood.

Because of cruel persecution, the Lord made it known to President Brigham Young to bring the Saints to the western desert. The Lord prepared and reserved this place. It was unattractive to everyone else, these large sagebrush valleys—these rugged, defiant mountains. This area was not a bit alluring; in fact, it was believed that the white man could not survive hereabouts. But the Latter-day Saints were glad to come here because they could establish their own kingdom, could worship God with liberty and according to the dictates of their own conscience. And the Lord had said that he would hide them up for awhile until they were able to take care of themselves. So the valleys of the Rocky Mountains became the cradle of the infant Church. But now it has grown and is able to stand on its own feet, and is spreading out its borders in all directions, forming new stakes and missions in many parts of the world.

Freedom is the responsibility of everyone. If we wish to keep this the Land of the Free, we must live the gospel. That is the only condition under which freedom and liberty are promised to us. If we love Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness, we must obey the laws of the land, and keep the commandments of the God of this land, who is Jesus Christ. I know of no better way to begin than to say with Joshua of old, "But as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Prayer

Celia Luce

PRAYER is like a pathway between God and man. The wise man keeps the path constantly open through daily use. If the path becomes overgrown, through disuse, man may get lost when his need is great, and be unable to find God.

Your Child Is a Music Lover

Helen Morris

MY little red-headed boy loves music. Almost as soon as he could talk he was singing "Pop Goes The Weasel" and clapping his hands delightedly. A tiny blond toddler cuddles her rubber baby, rocks it in her rocking chair, and sings "Bye Baby Bunting." My kindergarten warrior dons a feathered headdress and beats his ice-cream carton drum chanting the words to a rhythmic Indian song.

A child usually loves music. Sound and rhythm, its basic elements, are his, just waiting to be tapped and enjoyed. As a newborn baby, whose only impressions of his world come from what he feels, he responds favorably to pleasant sounds. Yesterday I watched a young mother bend over the bed of her tiny two-weeks-old son. She lovingly stroked his head, talked to him for a moment, then hummed a quiet melody. His entire body responded with relaxed, secure contentment.

In a few weeks he will turn his head, smile, and coo at the approaching sound of her voice. His arms will fly and his legs kick in excited reply. He will be fascinated by the sounds of rattles and bells as he learns to grasp them in his hands. As soon as he is able to sit he will join in a game of "Pat-a-cake" and delight in the rhythm of "The Pig That Went to Market."

If you make singing and rhythm a natural part of the mothering of your baby, you are not only helping him to be happy and secure—you are laying a foundation for future years of musical enjoyment.

As the baby grows into an exploring adventurer and begins to discover his awesome world, he will find that he can create pleasant sounds for himself. He loves the crisp crackle of crumpling paper. He likes nothing better than to open kitchen drawers and find pots and pans to clang together or to beat with a spoon. You may join the fun by lightly tapping a pan yourself and singing a rhythmic tune. Often the child will laugh excitedly and may even attempt to imitate your game of rhythm.

With his early vocalizations come many simple imitations of the familiar sounds of his everyday experiences. He will moo at the sight of a cow or choo choo when a train speeds by. These spontaneous responses are easily transformed into simple chants, grow into jingles, or may be accompanied by homemade tunes.

Chants may accompany bodily movement. Try singing down, down, down on the notes of the scale as you come down the stairs. Soon your child will join the chant himself. My own sons quite willingly follow me up the stairs for naps as together we sing up, up, up, with each ascending step. Once you begin, you will naturally find

many opportunities to translate a simple activity into a simple rhythm.

A little three-year-old neighbor girl, like most children, loves to swing. She composed her own rhythmical accompaniment and can be heard chanting "swinker swanky" as the moving swing carries her up and down.

WHY is Mother Goose a favorite friend of every boy and girl? It is the rhythmic beat of "Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater," or "Jack and Jill went up the hill" that stimulates and entertains.

As soon as a toddler can repeat a few simple words, or even before, he eagerly joins hands for "Ring Around the Roses." As soon as his balance is sure he combines rhythm and melody as he joins other children in a game of "London Bridge" or "Farmer in the Dell."

Each time I sit at the piano my three-year-old mounts his rocking horse, and my five-year-old shifts his tricycle into high gear. The horse gallops at full speed and the tricycle circles the living room. Soon they request a march, then parade around the room singing, waving flags in the air, or beating the rhythm on a cardboard drum.

A favorite rainy day activity for the three of us is to sit at the piano with a songbook. Favorite nursery rhymes are illustrated and written with musical accompaniment. Often the children sit at the piano alone, turn the pages of the book, drum on the keys, and sing the rhyme indicated by the picture. There are many excellent songbooks for children of nursery ages.

A phonograph has great value in developing a love for music. Children respond with skipping, marching, and dancing to the easy rhythms of children's songs. They relax readily at quiet time with soft classics playing in the background. While they naturally react to the simple, their developing minds and emotions should be challenged to reach and explore.

A musical instrument and phonograph are valuable aids in musical enjoyment, but they are not indispensable. There is no instrument more flexible than the human voice. Children often enjoy their singing more when there is no loud accompaniment to limit their spontaneity. It is fun for them to play their own accompaniment by tapping out rhythm on a tambourine or a cardboard drum as they sing their favorite songs. Later, other rhythm instruments may be added, and, in time the entire family can join in a kind of musical companionship.

In my opinion, a love for music should not be considered an indication that a young child is ready for formal music training. In the early years he is entitled to uninhibited enjoyment. He should dance when he feels like dancing, and sing when the urge to sing is upon him. He should march or rock or just sit and listen as the feeling within him dictates. Performance and drill are enemies to the natural growth of his inborn love of pleasant sounds. If he has been given his freedom, he will be eager to learn the skills that will permit him to play a musical instrument when he is mentally and

physically mature enough to take this step.

With musical activities in your home, your own love for this important part of our heritage will be deepened as you watch it daily growing within your child. You will thrill when your tiny toddler says, "Mommy, let's sing a song."

Your own awareness of your world will deepen as you see the creative expressions of your child and know that his enjoyment is deep and full. You will be convinced that music is not something to be ignored until a determined point in the child's life, then suddenly turned over to a specialist. You will know that it is an inseparable part of growth and development from the very beginning.

Leah A. Hamilton Collects Potted Plants and Does Handwork, Weaving, and Painting

AFTER rearing a large family of eleven children, Mrs. Leah A. Hamilton, Magrath, Alberta, Canada, now finds time to relax and work at her hobbies, which include quilting, crocheting, embroidery work, painting, weaving, handicrafts in copper and aluminum. To add to the variety, she keeps an interesting collection of potted plants as well as a lovely outdoor garden. The singing of her jovial little canary is a pleasant accompaniment for her working hours.

In addition to the four quilts pictured above, she has made at least one hundred other quilts for friends and relatives. This number does not include the numerous baby quilts, which she says do not count. She shares the pleasure of these works of art by giving the completed articles to her family and friends.

The Bright Star

Chapter 5

Dorothy S. Romney

Synopsis: Kathy Tracy, an orphan, who wishes to become an artist, lives with her Aunt Emerald Jewel Tracy in an old-fashioned house overlooking San Francisco Bay. Kathy applies to a neighbor, Phineas Fenton, for employment; however, Aunt Em suffers a partial stroke, and Kathy gives up the promised position. During her illness, Aunt Em mentions some money in a chest which is kept in Grandfather Tracy's China house. Kathy, using her aunt's illness as an excuse, postpones her marriage to Jim Parker. A stranger, Marc Hale, rents the China house, and Kathy begins to work on a painting to enter in an art scholarship contest. Marc tells her that he thinks the painting is very good.

KATHY worked furiously at her household tasks during the next few weeks to allow time for her painting. She was determined not to think about Mr. Marc Hale and his exasperating manners, but he kept slipping into her mind, regardless. About eleven o'clock one morning she heard the chug-chug of Jim's old coupe coming down the hill. Hurrah, she thought, Aunt Em can have fresh eggs for lunch. Jim was a dear to leave his work and come over two or three times weekly to bring them fresh eggs, especially since he refused to accept a single penny in payment.

She dropped her dustcloth on the elaborately carved old grand piano she had been polishing and dashed out onto the side veranda. She hoped "His Happiness" would be draped in his deck chair, and observe with what enthusiasm she greeted the visitor.

Kathy ran down the veranda steps, the morning sun so bright in her eyes that for a moment she didn't see the figure seated beside Jim. He stopped his car with a jerk. All of his movements were decisive and quick. It wasn't until then that she saw a buxom young lady.

Without getting out of the car, Jim handed Kathy three cartons of eggs, then he surprised her by saying, "That'll be ninety cents. I'll give you wholesale prices." Then, after a poke in the ribs from the elbow of his companion, he turned and introduced her to Kathy.

"This is my new neighbor, Lina Carlson," he said. "We're on our way into town for a poultry-raisers convention. Lina has bought the place next to mine, the one that belonged to Lars Swenson."

"Hello," said Kathy, thinking that interest in this new neighbor might explain Jim's absence from the Tracy place the past few days.

"Pleased to meet you," the girl replied, looking at Kathy curiously.

"I'll get the money for you," Kathy said, slightly embarrassed, and wondering what Jim could have told the girl to make her stare so openly.

"No, I'll drop back tonight. You can give it to me then," he answered, and Kathy saw the surprise and hurt in the eyes of the girl beside him.

"I do believe she's in love with him," she thought. She was amazed that she felt no sense of loss.

As soon as they had driven away, Kathy turned to go back to her cleaning, but not before she saw the tall figure of Marc Hale coming toward the house.

Her first impulse was to turn him away—tell him Aunt Em was resting, but no, she told herself firmly, he's good for Aunt Em. And besides, Kathy discovered, Marta had already seen the visitor approaching the house, and was on her way to bid him come in. Here was a young man with a problem on his mind, Kathy had decided.

SHE was in the hall dusting the banisters a few minutes later, when the voices of her aunt and Marc Hale came clearly to her. They were apparently discussing the art contest.

"She'll win," Aunt Em was saying.

"She might," the young man said, doubtfully.

"I don't know why not," Aunt Em's voice held a note of defiance. "I had artistic ability, and she's my niece, isn't she?"

Kathy fled up the stairs to the privacy of her own bedroom.

She'd win all right. She'd have to. She couldn't bear to let Aunt Em down. She'd finish the picture this very day, then go into the village and see if there was some part-time job she could get. Perhaps at that little souvenir shop. The proprietor was a Mr. Rickson, whom Kathy knew slightly. A job such as this would give her time for the housework, and to care for Aunt Em, too.

She gathered her materials and almost flew up the stairs to the cupola. The ocean was calm, shimmering under the autumn sun. She turned her back to it, away from the golden brilliance, and could see that Marc Hale was just nosing his coupe into Pine Road, headed toward the bridge and San Francisco, no doubt.

She reluctantly turned back to her picture, thinking there'd be no pleasure trips for Miss Kathy Tracy from this day on.

She worked furiously for some time, then tilted her head back and surveyed her work. Satisfied that the picture was at last as good as she could make it, she put down her paint brush.

She could hear the crash of the waves against the cliffs below the Fenton place, and she suddenly realized that a brisk wind had sprung up. The mother-of-pearl sea had turned to an angry green.

It's certainly lucky, she thought, that the waves pound out their fury before they reach our China house. She remembered then that Aunt Em had told her to clear out one of the chests in the China house. She had a buyer for it, and since Marc Hale had given permission for her to enter his domain, she'd hurry and clear it now.

Kathy had not entered the China house since Marc Hale had moved in. The place was orderly and clean. She tiptoed reverently about, almost able to feel Grandfather Tracy's presence here, almost able to hear his voice as he told his fascinating tales of the sea.

It had grown quite chilly, but even on the warmer days Marc built a fire in the tiny fireplace. Kathy could often see the smoke curling comfortably up over the little cabin. The embers were still aglow. She couldn't resist tossing a small log on them from the store in the miniature woodbox. She stood watching as the flames built up, grew taller,

it up the ceiling and the corners of the little room.

SHE took off her sweater and threw it on a nearby chest. Dear Aunt Em, she thought, it's like parting with a friend for her to have to give up one of her treasures, but she never complains. Well, this will be the last one, she vowed.

As her sweater skimmed over the top of the chest, she heard a small crash, and looked down to see one of the smaller chests on its side on the floor—the one Aunt Em had told her never to touch. Its contents tumbled out in a musty assortment of trinkets. Aunt Em's most cherished childhood mementoes, Kathy knew. Some tiny carved animals, bits of Indian beadwork, an old doll with a china head, an elaborate pink satin skirt, and staring black eyes.

Nothing of any real value, Kathy found herself thinking. Then she picked up a small parcel. Carefully wrapped in yellowed tissue paper tied with ribbon, its diamond encrusted star shape plainly visible through the thin covering, was Aunt Em's "bright star," surely the one she had muttered about in her illness.

Kathy sat down shakily on the larger chest, the points of the star digging into her palm, as she pressed it in her hand. She had had the feeling from the first time her aunt had mentioned it that the bright star concerned her own destiny. Had she the courage to unwrap it?

She finally bent down and replaced the contents of the chest. She was much too excited to delve through the larger chest now. The flames had died down to a glow again as Kathy gathered up her belongings and closed the door of the China house. Like a burning ember from the tiny fireplace the star lay in her hand. She would take it straight to Aunt Em.

Her aunt was sitting in the kitchen in the light mobile chair Dr. Ransome had provided for her—for although she had some use of her limbs now, the doctor thought it best for her to reserve her strength. A bright spot showed in each of her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled—a sure sign that she was excited.

"Now, Aunt Em," Kathy said immediately, "you know the doctor said positively no excitement, so whatever it is just. . . ."

But evidently Aunt Em had no intention of calming down until she had gotten this matter off her mind.

"I've been calling you, Kathy," she said. "Marc was here! He's gone into town!" She paused for breath, and watched Kathy closely.

"Yes, yes, I saw him leave," the girl replied. "Is that what you're so excited about? Remember. . . ."

"You don't understand," Aunt Em went on. "You've got to stop him."

"Stop him from what, darling?"

But she wasn't to find out that evening, for at that moment the bell rang. It was Marta, and she took one look at the bright spots in Miss Em's cheeks, and wheeled her into the bedroom, after giving her a glass of warm milk. She put her to bed, then declared, "Now you go straight to sleep," and sat down by the bedside to see that her orders were obeyed.

Aunt Em evidently knew Marta too well to protest, Kathy found herself thinking.

(To be continued)

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Hulda Parker, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Irene T. Erekson

AUSTRALIAN MISSION, HURSTVILLE BRANCH (NEW SOUTH WALES) RELIEF SOCIETY HELPS COMPLETE PROJECT

Left to right: Adelaide Adams, Second Counselor, Hurstville Branch Relief Society; Irene T. Erekson, President, Australian Mission Relief Society; Florence Wardingly, President, Hurstville Branch Relief Society; Pauline McMaugh, Secretary; Judith Bailey, First Counselor.

Sister Erekson reports that "the recent dedication of the Hurstville chapel of Sydney, New South Wales, was a great thrill to the branch Relief Society," which helped in raising funds to enlarge and beautify the chapel. "Elder Hugh B. Brown, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, dedicated the chapel during his recent tour of the Australian Mission. . . . The sisters raised their quota with banquets, street stalls . . . dances, concerts, and home parties. All was done with a spirit of humility and enthusiasm, with nothing too great a sacrifice.

"The Hurstville chapel has the first Relief Society room and kitchen in New South Wales, with up-to-date facilities for the work of the sisters.

"The Relief Societies throughout the mission are in 'top condition'—all are following the *Magazine*, all are up-to-date on lessons, and there are capable teachers in every department. The recent March birthday programs were very successful."

Photograph submitted by Evelyn P. Brown

BURBANK STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE EVENTS

Evelyn P. Brown, President, Burbank Stake Relief Society, writes: "Many weeks of rehearsing were climaxed for the Singing Mothers of Burbank Stake, when they sang several numbers on March 15th at the Relief Society birthday party, held this year on a stake basis.

"The same group had performed previously at stake quarterly conference on February 3. The chorus is conducted by our stake Relief Society chorister Beth Sorenson, front row at extreme right; and Jean Wilcox, the accompanist for these special events, is seated next to Sister Sorenson."

Photograph submitted by Gladys R. Winter

SAN FRANCISCO STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

March 17, 1957

Gladys R. Winter, President, San Francisco Stake Relief Society, reports: "The Singing Mothers were honored by being asked to present the music for San Francisco Stake Conference, which was held March 17, the anniversary of the Relief Society . . . ."

The chorister, Nada W. Fluckiger, is in the second row at the extreme right. In the first row in front of her is Mabel M. George, the organist. Sister Winter is in the second row, fifth from the right; and Vera M. Murray, First Counselor, is in the first row, second from the right.

Photograph submitted by Virginia R. Vaterlaus

MONTPELIER STAKE (IDAHO) VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE FIFTY-YEAR RECORDS

Virginia R. Vaterlaus, former president, Montpelier Stake Relief Society, writes: "We have in our stake six Relief Society sisters who have served fifty years or over as visiting teachers."

Left to right: Janet Dunn, who has served fifty years as a visiting teacher; Martha Mourtsen, fifty years; and Deborah Rich, fifty-three years.

Women not in the picture because of illness are: Mary Simmons, who served fifty-six years; Carrie Teuscher, fifty-three years; and Nellie Lyons, fifty years.

Photograph submitted by Mildred P. Elggren

WESTERN STATES MISSION, WEST NEW MEXICO DISTRICT SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC AT DISTRICT CONFERENCE

February 3, 1957

Mildred P. Elggren, President, Western States Mission Relief Society, reports that the Singing Mothers represent six of the eight branches of the West New Mexico District—namely, Albuquerque First, Albuquerque Second, Albuquerque Third, Bluewater, Las Vegas, and Santa Fe. The conference was the first meeting to be held in the Albuquerque Second Branch chapel.

Photograph submitted by Anna O. Smith

MOUNT LOGAN STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, March 10, 1957

Anna O. Smith, President, Mount Logan Stake Relief Society, writes that 124 members of the 191 Singing Mothers in the stake sang at the quarterly conference.

Front row, left to right: Cumorah Alder, stake theology leader; Margaret Kloepfer, stake visiting teacher message leader; Anna O. Smith, Relief Society Stake President; Ella Rinderknect, First Counselor; Emily Larsen, Second Counselor; Ella Davis, Secretary; Blanche Thompson, organist; Alvina Pehrson, stake chorister; Lila Jones, pianist; and Joan Peterson, assistant pianist.

Sister Smith continues: "Our chorus has increased in numbers and has become a very important part of Relief Society. Sister Pehrson has directed the chorus since 1948 and has now been released, having moved from our stake."

Photograph submitted by Hazel S. Love

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MISSION, SHASTA DISTRICT SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR DISTRICT CONFERENCES

Hazel S. Love, President, Northern California Mission Relief Society, reports: "The Singing Mothers from Shasta District have presented music for the last two quarterly district conferences in the afternoon sessions."

Seated left to right, front row: Irma Angus, district Relief Society organist; Lois Rhodes, chairman, district music committee; Lucile Hansen, district Relief Society president; and Theressa Sims, district chorister.

Photograph submitted by Vesta M. Lewis

KLAMATH STAKE (OREGON), KLAMATH FALLS WARD, FORMER RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS ATTEND AND ASSIST AT ANNIVERSARY PARTY

Front row, seated left to right: Helen Caseman; June Peterson; Eudora Morris; Velta L. Shaffer.

Back row: Afton Shaffer; Mable Behnke; Vesta M. Lewis; Maxine Lawrence; Inez Blessinger.

Vesta M. Lewis, President, Klamath Stake Relief Society, reports: "Klamath Falls Relief Society was organized January 9, 1930, as a branch. There have been seventeen Relief Society presidents since that time—two of those presidents have served for a second time, two are deceased, four have moved away, and nine are still active in the ward and stake work."

Fulfillment

Louise Call Nelson

You lived in all my childhood games,
I nursed you at my play;
I saved you for my choicest names,
And modeled you in clay.
In fervency of hope I knelt
At your prenatal shrine.
In my maternal flesh you dwelt—
Then one day you were mine.
Fruition reached the hallowed peak
Of its potential crest
The moment that your tiny cheek
Was pillowed on my breast.
Now consummation of your borning
Has given you and me—our morning.

Life Is a Journey

Cleopha Jensen

LIKE a mountain trail, life's journey should wind upward to more lofty heights. Sometimes we seem to be going downward when we are merely winding around the mountainside—through dark paths where night seems to have fallen—only later to come out on higher ground and into brighter sunlight. Our narrow path gains altitude, and, although there may be descents into shallow valleys, we gradually trend upward.

The first part of our journey may be harsh and rugged; the grades may be steep and painful, but, as we travel on, we gain strength for the trail ahead. Perhaps, after some strenuous traveling, we may come to a pleasant valley—green pastures and still waters. Here we may feel inclined to loiter, to pause and enjoy nature's beauty, as we meditate and languidly dream—life is beautiful. But we can't remain. We realize "life is a journey and not a destination." Everything in life means motion and change. Nor, strangely enough, can we keep anything by holding on to it—we must let it pass on.

We continue on our journey, "just over the next hill," we tell ourselves, "there may be a quiet path leading to another pleasant valley." Perchance, however, just around some turn on the trail, we may come abruptly face to face with a steep rocky cliff—as when life is at the crossroads with a crisis to be met. A crucial decision must be made as to which road to take. By faulty decision we may get off on the wrong trail for some distance, only to have to retrace our steps and begin anew.

Thus, we must learn to accept the barriers on life's highway as a means of teaching us the things we need to know. With renewed strength and courage, we press on, perhaps for some distance through another pleasant valley, only to come unexpectedly to the brink of a chasm, deep and wide. We ponder dejectedly—there is no detour. These are the occasions that test our faith.

Finally, we reach a summit on our mountain trail—when a pause comes in life's activities. From our vantage point of experience, we look back across the years, reviewing the trail we have traveled. We see our many mistakes, heartaches, successes, and failures. We view life from a new perspective which reveals life's real value and meaning, and within us, we have the assurance of having learned many of the fundamental values of life and that life is good.

But, as we further meditate, we come to realize that life is but a vantage ground for a future step; we can never arrive at a point of completion, for our journey in time is only the prelude to eternity.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 1—The Lord Speaks Through His Prophets

Elder Roy W. Doxey

For Tuesday, October 1, 1957

Objective: To recognize that by revelation the Lord has led his people in the past, and that by a reopening of the heavens he has restored the gospel and re-established his Church upon the earth in fulfillment of Bible prophecies.

Why Study The Doctrine and Covenants?

IN this course of study of The Doctrine and Covenants, we are to learn what God has revealed in this dispensation to his prophets. We should recognize that there is still need for divine direction to the leadership of the Church as anciently. Individually as members of that Church, we have a need for divine guidance in our lives that we may eventually become joint heirs with Christ. Acceptance of the revelations in The Doctrine and Covenants as being divine, will bring great blessings to the adherents.

The Prophet Joseph Smith instructed the brethren of the Church in 1834 in regard to the holy scriptures as follows:

> We take the sacred writings into our hands, and admit that they were given by direct inspiration for the good of man. We believe that God condescended to speak from the heavens and declare His will concerning the human family, to give them just and holy laws, to regulate their conduct, and guide them in a direct way, that in due time He might take them to Himself, and make them joint heirs with His Son. But when this fact is admitted, that the immediate will of heaven is contained in the Scriptures, are we not bound as rational creatures to live in accordance to all its precepts? Will the mere admission, that this is the will of heaven ever benefit us if we do not comply with all its teachings? Do we not offer violence to the Supreme Intelligence of heaven, when we admit the truth of its teachings, and do not obey them? Do we not descend below our own knowledge, and the better wisdom which heaven has endowed us with, by such a course of conduct? For these reasons, if we have direct revelations given us from heaven, surely those revelations were never given to be trifled with, without the trifler's incurring displeasure and vengeance upon his own head, if there is any justice in heaven . . . (*D. H. C.* II:11).

The Christian World and Revelation

When the clergy of Joseph Smith's day learned that Joseph professed to have had revelation from the Lord in the actual appearance of the Eternal Father and his Son Jesus Christ, there began a controversy which continues to this day. Aside from other points of difference arising from the first vision of the Prophet, the fundamental issue was the claim of Joseph Smith to revelation from God. This claim meant that the "Christian" churches had departed from the true doctrine and Church established by Jesus in the meridian of time.

It was contended by the adversaries of the Prophet that revelation from the Lord was neither expected nor necessary. The canon of scripture was closed—for God had spoken in the past through his Son Jesus and the apostles, and thereafter there was no need of revelation. It is not difficult at all to understand that where divine revelation was not received by the clergy who denied its necessity, they would immediately oppose such a claim as Joseph Smith put forth.

This position would take on added zeal when their own standing as ministers was set aside because of a claimed apostasy. Many were the arguments presented from the Bible in an attempt to show that revelation in a post-meridian period was not to be expected.

It is by no means an unfruitful experience to examine a few of those assumed reasons for declaring that no more scripture or revelation was necessary. In other words, how would you, as a member of the Church, meet such arguments as the following?

Arguments Advanced Against Further Revelation

(It is suggested that in considering these arguments against further revelation, that you first read the scripture and then the application used by those who denied that revelation would be received in our time. Next, consider how you would reply to this application or interpretation. Finally, read the answer generally used by the Latter-day Saints to prove wherein the application of the clergy was out of harmony with the facts, and, therefore, false.)

> For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book:
>
> And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book (Rev. 22:18-19).

Application by "Christian" clergy: No man has the right to add to the Bible; therefore, no further revelation (scripture) is to be expected.

Answer by Latter-day Saints: The Bible as a collection of books did not exist when this inspired scripture was given; consequently, this injunction was not intended to include other scriptures written after the Book of Revelation, such as the Gospel of John, and other parts of the New Testament. Furthermore, this admonition was given to

man, and it was not intended that God could not or that he would not give further revelation. Notice in Deuteronomy 4:2, the same admonition is given concerning the writings of Moses. If the same application was made as was made for Revelation 22:18-19 by "new revelation" deniers, there would have been no inspired writings after Moses.

. . . from a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus (2 Tim. 3:15).

Application by "Christian" clergy: If there was sufficient revelation to give salvation to Timothy as a child, there would be no further need for additional revelation.

Answer by Latter-day Saints: This application would do away with the New Testament; for, again, there was not a New Testament in existence when Timothy was a child. He was acquainted with the Old Testament.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away (I Cor. 13:8).

Application by "Christian" clergy: Prophecies and the other spiritual gifts, among which is revelation, were to cease after the days of Jesus and the apostles.

Answer by Latter-day Saints: The next two verses (1 Corinthians 13:9-10) point out that prophecy would be unnecessary ". . . when that which is perfect is come . . . ." The day of perfection has not yet come, so these gifts are still necessary.

The absence of scriptural justification to deny new revelation is established by the accepted Christian standard of judgment — the Holy Bible. When the Lord desires to give new revelation to man, he will do so, but only in accordance with his designs. (See 2 Nephi 29:1-14; Alma 29:8.)

Revelation in the Past

The Latter-day Saints learned early that "Where there is no vision, the people perish . . ." (Prov. 29:18), and that "Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets" (Amos 3:7). It then became a matter for the early day Latter-day Saint missionaries to demonstrate from the Bible that God had always directed his people in the past. Furthermore, there were sufficient grounds for knowing that, if God's purposes for his children were to be fulfilled, new revelation from the Giver of all truth would be necessary.

One of the outstanding lessons the Latter-day Saint missionary saw in the Bible was that the Lord's servants in the meridian of time were directed in their ministry by revelation. In fact, Jesus had promised his disciples that the Holy Ghost would direct them after his ascension. (See John 16:1-7, 13-14; 15:26.) Paul received the gospel by revelation (Galatians 1:11-12), and instructions came from the Lord by a vision and from the Holy Ghost as to when to teach the gospel and when not to teach it. (See Acts 16:6; 18:9-10.)

It was also apparent that the leadership of the Church was directed in matters which affected the entire Church of Jesus Christ. An example of this may be found in the revelation to the apostle Peter concerning the preaching of the gospel to the Gentiles. (See Acts 10:19-48.) During Jesus' ministry on earth he confined his teaching to the house of Israel. (See Matthew 15:24.) Paul also knew by revelation that upon the rejection of the gospel by the Jew it was to go to the Gentile (Acts 13:46). John the Revelator directed the Church by revelation when the seven branches of the Church in Asia required rebuke and admonition (Revelation, chapters 1-3).

This guidance was, in part, the fulfillment of Jesus' promise concerning the Church. In conversation with his disciples Jesus asked whom men declared him to be. Various answers were given; whereupon, the Lord asked them, ". . . But whom say ye that I am?" The reply of Peter was ". . . Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Jesus then said to Peter that ". . . flesh and blood [man] hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." It was then that the Master declared the great truth that upon the rock of revelation, he would build his Church. (See Matthew 16:13-18.)

Another reason for knowing that revelation was necessary in our times was found in the fact that the scriptures spoke of many lost or missing books which do not now form a part of the Old and the New Testaments. (Examples of these are given in 1 Chron. 29:29; 2 Chron. 33:18-19; I Cor. 5:9; Eph. 3:3; and Col. 4:16.)

Contending Christian Churches

The great number of divisions in Christianity which existed at the time of the Prophet Joseph Smith, each contending against the other, and new churches coming into existence, were evidence that men without revelation could not interpret the Bible correctly. The differences, which existed among the various churches and which often give rise to new organizations, were based upon this simple fact. It was pointed out that the wisdom of man's learning was not sufficient to give true doctrine. (See I Corinthians 2:11, 14.) Only God could provide man with the way of eternal life and that required continuous revelation from the Lord. An outstanding example of the lack of revelation in modern Christianity was evident in that the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ as made known in the New Testament could not be duplicated by men. Although officers in the Church were mentioned, their duties and privileges were not clearly made known. Only new revelation from God could bring into being the true Church organization with saving principles and ordinances.

A New Dispensation Prophesied

The apostles of Christ had foreseen that the gospel and the Church would be lost to the world by the apostasy of the members of the Church (See Isaiah 24:1-6; 2 Peter 2:1-3; Galatians 1:6-10) but gave sufficient evidence to know that revelation was not to cease forever. It was proclaimed by three New Testa-

ment writers—Peter, Paul, and John the Revelator—that subsequent to their day the Lord would usher in the greatest dispensation of the gospel. It was the apostle Peter who said that before the second coming of Christ there would be a ". . . times of refreshing . . . from the presence of the Lord" (Acts 3:19), which would constitute a ". . . times of restitution [or restoration] of all things. . . ." These are Peter's inspired words:

> Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord;
>
> And he shall send Jesus Christ, which before was preached unto you:
>
> Whom the heaven must receive until the times of restitution of all things, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began (Acts 3:19-21).

The word of the Lord would come in preparation for the great second coming of Christ.

The second apostle of record to predict the restoration of the gospel was Paul. In his letter to the saints at Ephesus, after reminding them of their pre-earth existence and of the mission of Jesus, he set forth the purposes of the Lord concerning the day in which we live. These are his words:

> Having made known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure which he hath purposed in himself:
>
> That in the dispensation of the fulness of times he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth; even in him (Eph. 1:9-10).

In what way does Paul's prediction relate to the latter days? This period was to be the "fulness of times," an expression which connotes a culminating or concluding period. The Lord's word was to be dispensed again in the final dispensation. Notice the similarity of thought and language of Peter's statement on the "times of restitution" before Jesus' second coming (which was to include "all things") and Paul's prophecy that Christ would ". . . gather together in one all things in Christ . . ." things ". . . which are in heaven, and which are on earth" (Eph. 1:10). In effect, what these two apostles prophesied is the same thing which the Prophet Joel said would occur ". . . before the great and the terrible day of the Lord . . ." or the second coming of Christ (Joel 2:28-32).

A third prophecy, made by the apostle John, is that of the coming of an angel in the hour of God's judgment or in the latter days preceding the second coming of Christ. This holy messenger was to bring "the everlasting gospel" which was to be preached "to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people" (Rev. 14:6). Thus, the apostles Peter, Paul, and John had spoken as directed by the Spirit, and the missionaries of the new dispensation carried this message to the world.

Latter-day Saints Fulfill Prophecies

The Prophet Joseph Smith remarked at a conference of elders of the Church that "we are differently situated from any other people that

ver existed upon this earth; consequently those former revelations annot be suited to our conditions; hey were given to other people, ho were before us; but in the last ays, God was to call a remnant, in hich was to be deliverance, as well s in Jerusalem and Zion" (*D.H.C.* 1:52). This fact was apparent to ur people when they discovered at Bible prophets foresaw the time hen God would raise up a people n the last days who would fulfill ie prophecies spoken by them. What were some of the things to e accomplished in the dispensation f the fulness of times?

New scripture was to be made nown in the form of a "book" om ancient American peoples that ould "speak from the dust" at a me when the religious world was n a condition of apostasy. By this ook of scripture, faith in Jesus hrist would increase and bring eople to understand the plan of alvation. (Read Isaiah ch. 29, specially verses 4, 9-12, 17-19, 24.) his book was known by Ezekiel s the "stick of Joseph" and the ible as the "stick of Judah" (Ezekel 37:16-28).

The prophets had made known hat in the latter days Israel was to e gathered from her scattered conition. (Isa. 11:11-12; 35:4, 10; Jer. :12-15, 18; 16:14-16; 23:2-4, 7-8; 1:7-12; Ezek. 37:21-27.) That porion of Israel which would constiute the Latter-day Saints was to e a temple-building people (Isa. :2-3) and the fulfillment of the ncient prophecy of Malachi, chapr four, verses five and six, concernng the coming of Elijah would also mean new revelation subsequent to the time of Jesus' apostles.

Summary

The true ministers of the Lord in this dispensation knew that the Lord had never said by his prophets that there was to be no more revelation or scripture after the meridian dispensation. They were also assured that the Lord had (1) directed his servants by immediate revelation; (2) that the leadership of the Church was led by revelation in order to govern the Church; (3) that there was a need for further revelation because the Bible was incomplete; (4) that uninspired men were unable to interpret the Bible correctly and thereby many divisions in Christianity were created; (5) that the restoration of the gospel was prophesied; (6) that new scripture, as The Book of Mormon, was to be revealed; and (7) that Israel was to be gathered, temples were to be built, and other prophesied events were to take place as a part of the dispensation of the fulness of times.

These reasons obtained from the scriptures give to us Latter-day Saints confirmation of our faith in what God has done for us in the establishment of his Church upon the earth.

Questions for Discussion

1. What reasons can you give for believing that Joseph Smith would be opposed by the "Christian" ministry?
2. In what ways was the Church directed by revelation in the days of the apostles?
3. Name some of the "lost" books of scripture, and indicate what they might contribute to the objective of this lesson.

4. Illustrate from the New Testament by the use of a Bible Concordance, how one could not determine the specific duties of the Priesthood officers of the Church. What does your conclusion contribute to the need for additional revelation?

5. In what ways have the Latter-day Saints fulfilled Bible prophecies?

6. Do you believe that "the will of heaven" is contained in the scriptures? If so, answer each question raised by the Prophet Joseph Smith in his statement quoted in the beginning of the lesson.

Visiting Teacher Messages—

Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Message 1—"And the Voice of Warning Shall Be Unto All People, By the the Mouths of My Disciples, Whom I Have Chosen in These Last Days" (D. & C. 1:4).

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, October 1, 1957

Objective: To show that the Lord reveals his plan of salvation through his chosen leaders and that only when we heed their warnings can we build strong, useful lives.

BEFORE constructing a building, the architect works out detailed plans and specifications. Through his knowledge and experience he knows the stresses and strains to which the building will be subjected and that only when the right plans are followed will the structure stand strong and firm.

Our Father in heaven, the great Architect of our souls, has prepared the necessary plans for us to follow if we would build strong, useful lives. He knows the pitfalls, the stresses, and the strains, which are ever present to weaken and divert us. It is his work and his glory to lead all of his children to exaltation, and he has appointed his chosen disciples to guide and direct us in paths of righteousness.

The Bible and The Book of Mormon are both replete with illustrations of what has happened to God's children when they accepted or rejected the warnings of the Lord's anointed. When they heeded the counsel of their prophets, they had peace, prosperity, and happiness throughout their lives. When they turned deaf ears to the warnings of their leaders, misery and misfortune resulted.

The story is told of three fishermen who, unmindful of the rough rapids and falls ahead, were rowing their boat down a river. A young man on the shore, sensing the danger before them, called out, "Ahoy, there, beware, the rapids are ahead of you!" The men could see no immediate danger and went on fishing and enjoying themselves. Again and again the young man called, "Beware, beware, the rapids are ahead of you!" The river looked calm and safe to the fishermen so they failed to heed the warning.

uddenly, they were in the midst the rapids and the great falls were mediately ahead. It was too late make the shore. Row as they ight, the stream was too swift and rbulent for their frantic efforts.

Some of us today hear the voices warning and fail to heed them. We lull ourselves into a sense of lse security thinking all is well. We fail to realize that it is not ough just to listen to the teachgs and admonitions of the leaders our Church. We must heed eir warnings and put their teachgs into action in our daily lives. We must follow the admonition of mes, when he wrote, ". . . be ye oers of the word, and not hearers nly . . ." (James 1:22).

In these latter days, we have been warned that:

> Wherefore the voice of the Lord is unto the ends of the earth, that all that will hear may hear:
>
> . . . and the day cometh that they who will not hear the voice of the Lord neither the voice of his servants, neither give heed to the words of the prophets and apostles, shall be cut off from among the people (D. & C. 1:11, 14).

In this day, we are signally blessed to have God's chosen apostles to counsel and advise us in the gospel plan of salvation. These dedicated leaders devote their time and efforts in teaching us the gospel, in warning us of the dangers in our paths, and in helping us build useful and abundant lives. Let us be wise and heed their warnings.

Work Meeting—Living More Abundantly

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 1—Spending Money Wisely

Elder William F. Edwards

For Tuesday, October 8, 1957

Objective: To show that it requires skill and wisdom to spend money wisely.

We are all blessed with the same amount of time, and with a sufficient amount of time to achieve great success in life. But some use their time more effectively than others and achieve a richer life. There is a parallel in the financial art of living. With minor exceptions, we are all blessed with sufficient income to live a good life, but some people achieve it more fully because of how they use what they have. In this lesson we want to see clearly the wise way of spending money.

IN this busy work-a-day world, do we always remember that we are not happy unless we are confronted with a shortage of time? Can you think of anything worse than a surplus of time—a period of time each day you wish you could avoid because there is absolutely nothing you desire to do?

Source of Happiness

Happiness comes from making wise choices of things that you desire to do. The Master was con-

stantly mindful of this principle of life. He taught the importance of choosing to do the things of eternal value in contrast to worldly things. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal . . ." (Mt. 6:19-20).

That was the challenging issue confronting the Prophet Joshua who testified, "choose you this day whom ye will serve . . . but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord" (Joshua 24:15).

First Things First

The Chinaman, Ling Po, saw the importance of wise choices when he said, "What a fool does in the end, a wise man does in the beginning." The successful student must learn how to balance his time between study and play, and which to do first. The housewife must choose between preparing in advance for Sunday, with its blessings, or doing extra work on the Sabbath Day. Brigham Young expressed it this way for the fathers: "This is the greatest wealth we possess—to know how to direct our labors rightly, spending every hour advantageously for the benefit of our wives and children and neighbors." Success or failure is largely a matter of doing the right thing at the right time, putting first things first.

Use of Precious Time

Life will never be more important than it is today. "This life is worth as much as any life that any being can possess in time or in eternity. There is no life more precious to us in the eyes of eternal wisdom and justice than the life we now possess. Our first duty is to take care of this life" (President Brigham Young).

Time will never be more precious. Oh, how important it is for our happiness that we use this precious time doing those things that will bring us the greatest measure of satisfaction.

Use of Precious Money

All that has been said about the use of time applies equally to money. We must recognize that we will be unable to acquire all of the things we desire. This is a blessing. There would be few "temporal" thrills left in life if we could. Would we be equally interested in working hard at our job if, when pay day came, there was nothing we desired to do with our earnings?

The challenge is to learn what we need most, what will give us the greatest satisfaction, so that the more beneficial things will be obtained and those not obtained will be the less important.

Let us apply the principle to two women, each with twenty dollars, and both entering an attractive store. The first woman is favorably impressed with what is displayed just inside of the door. She forgets all of her other desires and spends her money on these items. After the money is spent, she continues throughout the store—only looking, of course. The second woman is also favorably impressed with the first displays. But she has given careful consideration to the things

e desires. She goes on to differ-
t parts of the store and compares
ms and values, until she is quite
rtain that she has selected the
ings that she desires most. Need
e ask which woman will return
me happier to prepare supper and
tain the greater satisfaction ex-
ining to her family for what she
ent the money?

"A fool can earn money; but it
es a wise man to save and dis-
se of it to his own advantage."
is statement of President Brig-
m Young makes it clear that it
quires skill and wisdom to spend
oney wisely. The housewife who
gularly spends a large per cent of
e family income, bears a great re-
onsibility in spending the money in a way that brings the family maximum satisfaction. Success in handling family financial affairs is usually determined less by the amount of income and more on how it is spent. It requires very little local research to confirm this observation. If you take a particular area, is it likely that the ten families with the highest income are the happiest families? Can you determine which mother spends the largest amount of money for her food by the healthy appearance of the children?

It is hoped that this series of lessons and the thoughtful discussion of the sisters will help each participant to build a financially safe road along which to travel to the goal of more abundant living.

Literature — Shakespeare in Our Lives

Lesson 9—William Shakespeare, Dramatist

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

Text: *Shakespeare Major Plays and the Sonnets*, by G. B. Harrison, Harcourt, Brace & Company, 1948

For Tuesday, October 15, 1957

Objective: To become more aware of Shakespeare's genius in integrating within the form of drama the great truths and eternal conflicts within all mankind.

> Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
> That's like my brother's fault.
> (*Measure for Measure*, II.2. 137-138).

DURING our first year with Shakespeare, we studied his greatness. We found out how much he meant to us already, as we identified long-known expressions as having been written by Shakespeare. In separate lessons we considered his rare quality of evoking sensory and music-magic in his poetry, his beliefs and conflicts as he depicted the Elizabethan world about him, and his ability to see truth so truly that always he depicted good or evil as such. As each phase of his genius was thus treated separately, each of his individual ex-

cellences within itself proved to be a rewarding introductory approach to our greatest writer in English.

In last year's introductory lessons Shakespeare was thus studied one phase at a time because such an approach seemed the best preparation for a discussion of his individual plays. Yet, it is in the plays, not in any *part* of Shakespeare, that our interest lies, and our purpose in studying each play is three-fold: we strive to realize (1) how near us Shakespeare lives in our daily lives; (2) how much our awareness of the human and natural worlds is quickened through knowing him; and (3) how deeply indebted we are to him for his words of universal truth and beauty.

Now it is time for us to acknowledge the quality which climaxes and unites the separate parts of Shakespeare's genius into the cohesive oneness we know each of his plays to be. That quality is his dramatic power. Above all else Shakespeare was a dramatist, a maker of plays for the Elizabethan theater. It was as a playwright, not as a poet or a philosopher, that young Shakespeare hoped to achieve identity and success. And, having achieved this success of which he dreamed—both in the judgment of his contemporaries and of the centuries following — it is pre-eminently as the dramatist that he marshalled together all his various artistic powers. Within the theater, his chosen art-form, he combined his talents into the harmonious oneness which every great dramatist must possess before he can create great living characters. And Shakespeare's characters are greatest of all.

The Elizabethan Achievement

In medieval England, when the Catholic Church was *the* church, and *the church* was all, the choirs told stories from the Bible in music, the most popular and elaborate, of course, being the depiction of the resurrection and the Easter themes. One voice or *phone* within the choir would sing a theme or cadence; this was then repeated by another group of voices seated opposite the first singers, and was called the *antiphon*. Once individual priests began personifying the three Marys and the angels visiting them at Christ's tomb, this individual singing proved spectacularly successful, and the foundations of the English theater were laid.

About 1000 A.D. these performances became so elaborate that they were moved outside the churches where the yeoman peasantry enjoyed them even more, especially since they were being sung in English rather than in Latin which only the educated few could understand. Then the mayors and town councils took them over, so successful were they, and the various guilds or workingmen's organizations sponsored them as the great entertainment spectacles of the entire year. Series or cycles of plays extending over three or four entire days were presented annually in certain villages, favorite themes being the dramatic representation of the plan of salvation, or the lives and miracles of various saints. When around 1350-1400 vigorous folk and comic elements began creeping in, the religious elements gradually became weaker and the imaginative, folksy, melodramatic, but, most of all, zest-

roots of Elizabethan drama were
l in place and began to grow.
t is to be credited to the eternal
ry of the Elizabethan playwrights
t they perfected the first "mod-
" stage and first wrote "modern"
ys. And, as so often happens,
s first period in the modern the-
r still remains the greatest, nor
its superiority ever been serious-
questioned. While Shakespeare
he giant playwright of the period,
vering above all others and in-
sifying their virtues, he is by no
ans the only genius of the day.
rlowe, Jonson, Massinger, Ford,
urneur, Heywood, Webster—all
red with Shakespeare and each
er a participation in the vibrant
itement of the day which had
g been fermenting during the
erging Renaissance. The Eliza-
han theater was the "mirror held
to nature, as t'were" which Ham-
defines; it reflected the entire
age of Elizabethan culture more
ly than has any other art-form
m that day to this. As evidenced
mass hunger for it among the
mmon people, the Elizabethan
ge not only lay at the very center
community life; but it created
t throbbing center. In its inte-
ting role, the stage filled the
ctions played in our present-day
lture by comic books, magazines,
wspapers, books, radio, movies,
-fi, TV, telephone, *and* the stage.
With his contemporary drama-
ts, Shakespeare shared his abun-
nt talents: a sensitive ear for
clody and word-music and actual
alogue, a deep understanding of
lividual and group humanity, and,
ove all, a life-giving zest and vital-
. These he blended together with-
in his brilliant, creative imagination which, through its dramatic powers, erected into life on the stage many hundreds of Shakespearean characters as throbbingly alive as actual Londoners walking the streets either then or now. Such a concentration of dramatic virtues has never since been achieved; surely such excellence was inspired by a most responsive audience. But whether it was the great audience which called forth this dazzling display of genius from the playwrights, or whether the playwrights first created within their plays the causes for electric responses within their audience, it is impossible to say. However, it is undeniable that their stimulation was mutual, and that the result of this mutual enrichment was the greatest drama we have ever known.

Problems of the Dramatist

Drama is derived from the Greek word meaning *to do* or *to perform*. From the beginning, the essence of drama has been action and voice; it is no more designed to achieve its ultimate power by being read than is a score to a symphony. But does this mean that drama is, then, a form of literature not to be read at all? Or, since it emphasizes movement, spoken dialogue, representation, costume, and scenery, is drama literature at all?

Because drama attempts to recreate life as it is seen and valued through the temperament of one subjective individual (the dramatist himself), it is one of the seven sister arts. And because without the use of words it would become pantomime or dancing, it must be classed as literature, whose main concern is with words. Yet all word-communi-

cations are not literature; far from it. Why, then, is drama literary?

In the words of Dr. P. A. Christensen, "To read great literature greatly is always an emancipation and an exaltation. It is, in a very real sense, to be born again. Great literature is great experience. It is experience that awakens, quickens, challenges, enriches all that man is when he is most truly himself . . . . Those books are good which would in some degree transform us." When seen from this point of view, Shakespeare's dramas best exemplify this highest definition of literature. Even so, drama differs greatly from the essay, poetry, and fiction, and, at this point, those differences deserve our attention.

Drama might be defined simply as one way of telling a story. Drama's way of intensifying human life which it seeks to recreate is to build up an "illusion of reality," one which entirely justifies our "willing suspension of disbelief." Life itself is rarely exciting or dramatic; therefore, mankind perpetually hungers for some intensifying, condensing representation of life. This is found in all art-forms, but it belongs most of all to drama. For it is drama which recreates with that greatest artistic power peculiarly its own.

Before ever a play can be spoken and acted, it must be written. And while the playwright is aware that the imaginative, child-like willingness of his audience to suspend disbelief and to be captured by his "illusion of reality" gives him much leeway, it is still his great problem to create an illusion which is successful, or which *seems* real. This he must do by impersonating reality. His tools: costume, scenery, occasionally music, movement, gesture, action, and the spoken word.

Like all other makers, Shakespeare first had to decide what dramatic form he should choose to express best that particular condensation of human reality which still lay unrealized and uncommunicated within himself. Once he decided whether to write a comedy or a tragedy, his next problem was to write the play which would create the particular illusion of reality he desired, but which, at the same time, concealed within itself all the artistic devices by which it was realized. How cunning a maker he had to be, for example, to fashion each speech precisely so the audience could know the true character of the speaker as, unconsciously, he reveals himself! But how much more complex was his problem of creating just the right tone for an entire scene, in which the words of each person might be likened to one note, and the playwright must harmonize all such "notes" until exactly the most effective musical chord or dramatic tone is produced. Here are magic and genius at work, and in abundance.

Comedy Defined

Two of the six plays to be discussed this year are comedies; the remaining four are tragedies. Roughly, all plays belong in one or the other of these major divisions.

Comedy is a light form of drama designed primarily to amuse, with a happy ending. Wit, humor, music, and dancing are commonly employed, as is incongruity of speech, action, or general behavior. Comedy is concerned more with depicting social patterns and the "way of the

world" rather than dealing with the great moral problem of human destiny and weakness. Yet we must remember that the wit and irony of comedy are not always merely trifling or amusing. Both in *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *King Lear* the Fool's comments contain serious criticisms of human weakness, and Falstaff is one of Shakespeare's best-loved characters, largely because beneath his banter lies a great awareness of society's foibles. Yet we should never forget how often laughter and tears are intermixed. Nor should we ever forget, as Shakespeare never did, that a keen sense of humor implies a good standard of judgment.

Tragedy Defined

In our contemporary world the word *tragedy* is used very loosely. We speak of some child's disease or imperfection as "tragic," yet in strict usage tragedy concerns only adults.

Melodrama is concerned with hair-raising escapes from physical danger; *tragedy* deals with universal moral issues which some great character must confront alone, and whose inexorable laws he cannot escape. Tragedy is concerned with some great problem or weakness which all mankind must face at one time or another; it results when out of man's nature come conflicts resulting from his own inward grapplings with the forces of good and evil. Great tragedy does not "escape" from life; instead it forces man to face the serious problems of mortality, usually as exemplified by his personal strengths and weaknesses. Instead of bringing us relief with a happy ending, tragedy makes us marvel at mankind's power to endure life's greatest sufferings without breaking. And seeing strength in such extreme sufferings, we find ourselves stronger in facing our own whenever they come to us.

One of our great statements on tragedy was written by William Hazlitt in his discussion of *Othello*. Because he both knows the true spirit of tragedy and expresses it within this passage, we can do no better than read his words:

> It has been said that tragedy purifies the affections by terror and sympathy. That is, it substitutes imaginary sympathy for mere selfishness. It gives us a high and permanent interest, beyond ourselves, in humanity as such. It raises the great, the remote, and the possible to an equality with the real, the little and the near. It makes man a partaker with his kind. It subdues and softens the stubbornness of his will. It teaches him that there are and have been others like himself, by showing him as in a glass what they have felt, thought, and done. It opens the chambers of the human heart. It leaves nothing indifferent to us that can affect our common nature. It excites our sensibility by exhibiting the passions wound up to the utmost pitch by the power of imagination or the temptation of circumstances; and corrects their fatal excesses in ourselves by pointing to the greater extent of sufferings and of crimes to which they have led others. Tragedy creates a balance of the affections. It makes us thoughtful spectators in the lists of life. It is the refiner of the species; a discipline of humanity.

This great statement personalizes and interprets Aristotle's definition of tragedy which appeared in his *Poetics* long before Christ and to this day is the springboard for all discussion of tragedy. Says Aristotle:

> Tragedy is a form of drama exciting the emotions of pity and fear. Its action should be single and complete, presenting a reversal of fortune, involving persons re-

nowned and of superior attainments, and it should be written in poetry embellished with every kind of artistic expression.

Shakespeare knew this "classical" definition of tragedy and honored it in his plays. Yet to this concept Shakespeare added something of his own. He believed that the basic conflict in tragedy should be that of wills, either within some great person, or between a person and circumstance. According to this concept, the hero or protagonist can never place the blame for his own suffering and fall upon a malignant fate, or upon our modern equivalents of fate, namely economic cycles, glandular secretions, or heredity and environment. Shakespeare's concept of tragedy is an extremely moral one, since in his greatest characters we see exemplified his belief that, within a moral, ordered universe, it is man himself who carves out his own fate. Thus, within himself lie both the causes which bring on his own suffering and, at the same time, the strength to bear such sufferings nobly.

Because by its basic definition and purpose, tragedy attempts to search out the entire range of man's soul, that he may better see its workings and, therefore, come to understand himself and humanity more fully. It is forced to use a language which is most comprehensive in its versatility. Since poetry is widest and deepest and richest, and therefore best enables the dramatist to create the dramatic sense of vitality and exalted rhetoric which is ever the hallmark of great tragedy, it is not by chance that poetry is the language which high tragedy must speak, if it is to express itself and thus create its own identity. And this must always be so, not because the beauty of a soaring soliloquy balances the suffering or evil which it expresses, but because poetry alone can pull us out of our selfish, separate shells to become completely at one with the exalted suffering which Shakespeare's great tragic heroes express. Thus it is, and only thus, that poetic tragedy universalizes all those who would feed their unsatisfied hungers to find a still more comprehensive view of man than they have known heretofore. And, once discovering Shakespearean tragedy, which represents this master dramatist at his best, people not only find their mature hungers fed, but in witnessing such passages as the one referred to below, when spoken by a great actor, they find their inward selves cleansed and exalted by the *catharsis* which Aristotle defined so long ago as the greatest justification of tragic drama.

Witnessing the artificial passion of a hired player, Hamlet suddenly revolts at his own inability to express his own inner turmoil, and worst of all, to kill King Claudius, whom he now knows murdered his father. This famous soliloquy unifies the talents of the dramatist Shakespeare in a furor so terrifying but so immediate that we can no more escape the realism of its power than we can escape ourselves. (Read Hamlet II. 2. 576-615.)

How better exemplify the magnificent, terrifying power which drama alone can produce than through this soliloquy? In such a passage, then, we experience not only the best of Shakespeare but the best of English drama.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Why is drama art? Why is it literature?

2. Many still believe that the greatest period in English literature and drama is the Elizabethan age. Do you agree? Regardless, how do you account for such superiority in dramatic power and poetry so long ago? Why isn't the modern best?

3. For you what is Shakespeare's supreme accomplishment as a dramatist?

4. How can any good come from enduring a spectacle on the stage which makes us suffer? Can suffering ever be good? Why must pity and terror always be present in great tragedies?

Social Science—Latter-day Saint Family Life

Lesson 8—The Family Is Forever

Elder John Farr Larson

For Tuesday, October 22, 1957

Objective: To show the influence of gospel principles on the Latter-day Saint family.

The family is like a book—the children are the leaves,
The parents are the covers that protective beauty gives.
At first the pages of the book are blank and purely fair,
But time soon writeth memories and painteth pictures there.
Love is the little golden clasp that bindeth up the trust,
Oh, break it not, lest all the leaves shall scatter
and be lost.

—Anonymous

THE pattern of life provided by the gospel in its fulness has produced a philosophy of family living which is peculiar to Latter-day Saints. Its application brings happiness and satisfaction as well as the acceleration of the God-like potentialities of family members. Family life is regarded by the world as the social institution of greatest influence in molding the lives and personalities of people. While Latter-day Saints agree with this, the deeper significance of the family as a character builder is seen only when the eternal nature of the family is understood. Because of its eternal nature, and its importance in shaping the destinies of the individual family members, we must strive to make family life what God intended it to be.

What Is a Family?

"Family" is easily defined, but the meaning it holds for family members depends upon many factors. The age, background, training, status, and belief of the individual all make for important deviations from a general concept. In one sense we are the product of the family. Just as certain physical characteristics are passed from one generation to another, so, too, are personality characteristics passed by means of family living.

Webster defines the family as:

"The body of persons who live in one house, and under one head; a household." But a family is more than this. It is many things. It is at once a social institution, an accomplishment, an opportunity, a dream, the pleasant past and future hope. A family is what you make it, a burden or blessing. It is warmth, security, tender care, and "happy birthday" all rolled into one. Contentment, pride, and memories are all parts. Most of all it is togetherness, the sharing of substance and love. Its pleasures erase its sacrifices. From it spring the hope of today and the leaders of tomorrow.

Basic Family Responsibilities

In our present-day civilization families have three primary responsibilities:

1. The function of child bearing.

2. The responsibility for physical care and support.

3. The responsibility for teaching children personal virtues. While the family is logically situated to perform this important function, there are many children who are deprived of full opportunities because of the families with which they live.

The Latter-day Saint Family

Latter-day Saint philosophy of family life has certain ingredients which characterize it as unique and different from traditional family life. Its flavor stems from the basic principles of the gospel. To understand it fully, all Latter-day Saints should strive to know and understand the principles of the gospel. To achieve the maximum joy and happiness it offers, we must translate this philosophy into a pattern for everyday living by making it our constant guide. Below are set forth, in brief, some of the major doctrinal influences of the gospel upon family life. A fuller discussion of these and other items will be had in subsequent lessons.

1. *The Personality of God:* Latter-day Saints believe that when the Lord said ". . . Let us make man in our image, after our likeness . . ." (Gen. 1:26), he meant exactly what he said. The life and teachings of Christ, as well as of the prophets since the creation, further convince us that we worship a personal God. This concept within the family creates a feeling of kinship with Deity and makes worship a natural, joyous, and comfortable experience for all family members. Children can approach the Lord as an understanding Father, with faith and confidence rather than with fear and apprehension, and talk to him as they would converse with an earthly father. Families with this knowledge feel that they have an additional member who watches over them with love and understanding, who provides their joys and blessings and lightens their sorrows, and who stands at the door ready to dwell in their midst, if their homes are in tune with his teachings. His nearness must be recognized and the power of his influence comes by invitation from within the heart and soul of each person who seeks it. It is as if his entry is through a door having an inside latch only. True Latter-day Saints are thus impelled conscientiously to conduct their family life on a higher spiritual plane than they would otherwise, and having done this, their homes are ready for the Spirit of the Lord to enter.

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me (Rev. 3:20).

2. *The Nature of Man*: The eternal nature of the spirit of man, together with the correlative doctrines which regard the spirit of man as sacred and the body a temple of God, unite to create within the hearts of Latter-day Saints a reverence for the individual and a high regard for the dignity of the human soul. These become influential and integral parts of the everyday living of all true Latter-day Saints.

What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet (Pss. 8:4-6).

. . . For I, the Lord God, created all things, of which I have spoken, spiritually, before they were naturally upon the face of the earth. . . . And I, the Lord God, had created all the children of men . . . for in heaven created I them . . . (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 3:5).

The following is taken from a letter of President Joseph F. Smith and his two counselors on this important subject:

. . . The written standards of scripture show that all people who come to this earth and are born in mortality had a preexistent, spiritual personality as the sons or daughters of the Eternal Father. . . . A spirit born of God is an immortal being. When the body dies the spirit does not die. In the resurrected state the body will be immortal as well as the spirit . . . (*Gospel Doctrine*, 9th Edition, page 12).

The elements are the tabernacle of God; yea, man is the tabernacle of God, even temples; and whatsoever temple is defiled, God shall destroy that temple (D. & C. 93:35).

Remember the worth of souls is great in the sight of God (D. & C. 18:10).

3. *The Plan of Salvation*: Three aspects of the plan of salvation have tremendous impact upon family life within the Church.

A. *The Principal of Eternal Progression*. Our knowledge of where we came from, why we are here, and where we are going is a powerful force in directing our conduct during mortal life. Knowing the end from the beginning and the direct course to be followed is, in itself, a great time and effort saver. It has been said that the world steps aside for the man who knows where he is going. Surely if we pursue the "straight and narrow road," nothing can deter our progress. We know that much must be accomplished on earth, if we are adequately to prepare for eternity. Life is a brief span in the eternal scheme. This gives purpose and direction to our goals and helps us utilize our resources to best advantage.

Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect (Mt. 5:48).

No man will ever enter there until he has consummated his mission; for we have come here to be conformed to the likeness of God. . . . And we must become more and more like him . . . in love, in charity, in forgiveness, in patience, long-suffering and forbearance, in purity of thought and action, intelligence, and in all respects, that we may be worthy of exaltation in his presence (*Gospel Doctrine*, 9th Edition, page 276).

The doctrine of eternal improvement and progression instills within Latter-day Saints a desire and determination to teach their children correct principles upon which they can grow spiritually.

B. *The Marriage Covenant*: The Prophet Joseph Smith taught that "marriage was an institution of heaven, instituted in the garden of Eden," and that "it was necessary it should be solemnized by the authority of the everlasting Priesthood" (*D. H. C.* II, page 320). Not only do Latter-day Saints believe that marriage was instituted of God, but that a marriage solemnized in the temple of the Lord by the authority of the Holy Priesthood extends beyond this life into eternity. This concept not only strengthens the Latter-day Saint marriage, but causes young people to prepare for parenthood and to choose a mate with much greater care than if it were a union for this life only.

C. *Family Life Eternal*: The Prophet Joseph Smith also taught:

> Except a man and his wife enter into an everlasting covenant and be married for eternity, while in this probation, by the power and authority of the Holy Priesthood, they will cease to increase when they die; that is, they will not have any children after the resurrection (*DHC.* V, page 391).

> Neither are the relationships that exist or should exist, between parents and children, and between children and parents, of an ephemeral nature, nor of a temporal character. They are of eternal consequence, reaching beyond the veil, in spite of all that we can do (*Gospel Doctrine*, page 272).

This great principle provides ample incentive for parents to teach children the importance of preparing for temple marriage and to resolve to settle for nothing less. It also firmly roots the family unit here on earth. Elder Joseph Fielding Smith has said:

> The family unit continues only in the celestial kingdom. . . . The family is the unit in the kingdom of God. . . . Outside the celestial kingdom there is no family organization. That organization is reserved for those who are willing to abide in *every covenant* and *every obligation* which we are called upon to receive while we sojourn here in *this mortal life* (*Doctrines of Salvation*, II, page 67).

4. *Priesthood Presides in the Home*: Nowhere in all the world, except in Latter-day Saint homes, do you find the Priesthood presiding over the family. The recognition of the husband and father as the ultimate authority within the home does much to avoid dissension.

> The patriarchal order is of divine origin and will continue throughout time and eternity. There is, then, particular reason why men, women and children should understand this order and this authority in the households of the people of God, and seek to make it what God intended it to be, a qualification and preparation for the highest exaltation of his children. . . . The father presides at the table, at prayer, and gives general directions relating to his family life whoever may be present. Wives and children should be taught to feel that the patriarchal order . . . of God has been established for a wise and beneficent purpose, and should sustain the head of the household and encourage him in the discharge of his duties, and do all in their power to aid him in the exercise of the rights and privileges which God has bestowed upon the head of the home (*Gospel Doctrine*, page 287).

5. *Free Agency*:

> And now remember, remember, my brethren, that whosoever perisheth, perish-

lh unto himself; and whosoever doeth iniquity, doeth it unto himself; for behold, e are free; ye are permitted to act for ourselves; for behold, God hath given nto you a knowledge and he hath made ou free (Helaman 14:30). (See also oshua 24:15.)

The right to choose is fundamental. How we choose, in this fe, will largely determine how we rogress and what our status will be ereafter. The process is a power y which man can reach great eights. The principle covers all hases of life which involve decision. Parents soon learn that children develop most when they have rasped the process of choosing. The irection in which they develop depends upon what they have absorbed om their environment which influences their decisions. When they earn to make sound decisions they re prepared to progress in relation o God and in relation to the things f this life.

6. *Gift of the Holy Ghost*: In addition to the principle of free agency, he Lord has given us a great gift o assist us in the exercise of our gency—the gift of the Holy Ghost. his can serve as a constant guide n our decisions, if we are attuned o its promptings; it is our spirit of ruth. This gift sets us apart from he world and can radiate a great nfluence in our homes, if we choose o let it.

> And I will pray the Father, and he shall ive you another Comforter, that he may bide with you for ever;
>
> Even the Spirit of truth; whom the orld cannot receive, because it seeth him ot, neither knoweth him: but ye know im; for he dwelleth with you, and shall e in you. . . .
>
> But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you (John 14:16, 17, 26).

7. *Family Responsibilities*: Latter-day Saints are taught responsibility for one another. Parents are charged of the Lord:

> . . . inasmuch as parents have children in Zion . . . that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance, faith in Christ the Son of the living God, and of baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of the hands, when eight years old, the sin be upon the heads of the parents.
>
> For this shall be a law unto the inhabitants of Zion. . . .
>
> And they shall also teach their children to pray, and to walk uprightly before the Lord (D. & C. 68:25-26, 28).

The Authorities of the Church have continually stressed that parents are responsible for their children physically, morally, and spiritually. The great Welfare Plan emphasizes the prime responsibility of the family in meeting the material needs of family members. Children are trained to care for needy and aged parents. Children visualize the reality of eternity when taught to seek out their ancestors so that temple work can be done for them.

While not strictly doctrinal influences, two other areas of family influence connected with the Church are worthy of mention.

Religious Training

From the cradle Latter-day Saints are taught the principles of the gospel, the attributes of God, his nearness, the power of prayer, and are surrounded by sweet and refining

influences. The missionary system contributes understanding and spirituality. All of this tends to make children fine individuals, good family members, and it prepares them for their responsibilities of parenthood.

Pioneer Heritage

There are characteristics to be found in our people which are traceable to our pioneer ancestry. These are particularly noticeable to "outsiders" who observe our religion in action for the first time. In October 1947, Mr. E. Kent Kane, grandson of Colonel Thomas L. Kane, was a guest at general conference. President George Albert Smith invited him to address the conference, a privilege rarely extended a nonmember. He spoke "as an outsider who has had the good fortune to come and observe with a friendly, if not an understanding heart." The following excerpts are taken from Mr. Kane's remarks:

. . . when I came out here to Utah I saw how your people believed that the Lord was your shepherd. You have created your own green pastures where there were none and brought in your own running waters when you could find none to walk by. I read how the women of this Church had at one time prepared a table in the presence of your enemies from the food that their husbands had wrenched from these deserts. . . . I saw that the Lord has restored your souls. I could not help but observe that here in Utah I had beheld the works of the Lord made manifest. . . .

Your religion is strong. . . . It is impressive to look over this vast audience and to see to what extent the religion of your Church is a religion of men. I am afraid there are a lot of churches that would perish entirely if it were not for the fact that their religion reposes today almost entirely in the hands and hearts of the mothers. And yet I can't believe that the battles of the Lord are to be fought entirely by the distaffs but I think it takes the good strong arms of the men of any religion such as I see before me here to fight those battles with a good firm hold upon the sword of the spirit . . . .

Yours seems to be a growing religion . . . . You are not static . . . .

Yours is a joyous religion. . . . Yours is a singing religion and I believe . . . the words of religion dissolved in music soak into the human soul better than any other way. . . . It is as if when you open your mouths to sing the spirit entered in . . . .

Yours is a family religion. . . . For three years in this last war I was a division officer in the Navy . . . some of the very finest men that we had in our commands in the service were from the Mormon Church and they were by all odds the cleanest. I don't know what they do elsewhere, but I do say that those I saw . . . were very creditable members of your congregation. And I want to add that it was not always as easy as it would have been in Salt Lake during conference week (Reports of the *One Hundred Eighteenth Semi-Annual Conference of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, October 1947, pp. 161-164).

Such observations as these reactivate our desire to let our light so shine before men that they may see our good works and glorify our Father which is in heaven. If this light is properly kindled in our homes the result will be a spirit of love, devotion, democracy, industry, service, progression, peace, and tranquility.

Supplemental References

1. "Contributions of the Church to Home and Family"—Stephen L Richards, *The Relief Society Magazine*, December 1954, page 799.

.. "The Mission of the Church and Members" — President David O. Kay, *Improvement Era*, November 6, page 781.

.. "Influence of Relief Society in the me"—Marion D. Hanks, *The Relief iety Magazine*, September 1955, page ..

Questions for Discussion

.. How can Latter-day Saint parents h their children to live their religion out compromise, and yet be tolerant friendly with young people of other ns?

. What are the basic religious beliefs practices which distinguish Latter-day it homes from the rest of the world?

. What pioneer characteristics are thy of perpetuating in our homes?

. What Church influences do you re-nber most from the home in which grew up? Are you emulating these mples in your own home?

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When Mother Made Butter

Mae R. Winters

ONE of the most vivid memories I have of my home and my mother was when she made butter. To her, making butter was not a task but an art in which she excelled. Mother was very proud of her skill.

First of all came the separating of the golden cream in the separator. Twice daily the warm milk was brought from the barn into the milkhouse; there the cream was separated from the milk. The cream was caught in a large blue bowl and allowed to cool completely before it was emptied into a big crock with the other cream. It was then allowed to ripen. Mother seemed to know just when the cream was sour enough to make the best butter; she judged more by the smell than by anything else.

The churning of the cream took place very early in the morning, usually at five o'clock in the summertime. Morning was the best time for working, and the cream was just right when it was cool. Singing always went along with the swish-swish of the cream as it dashed to and fro in the old wooden churn. Most often it was a hymn mother sang or an old English folk song. Many times we children were awakened by the churning and mother's singing as she went cheerfully about her task.

I suppose my mother owned many churns in her life, but the one I remember best was an old wooden one that was also owned by my grandmother. It had been brought from England and then across the plains in an ox-driven wagon. The churn stood on legs just the right height for sitting and turning. I was never allowed to turn the churn, for mother declared that I turned either too fast and slopped cream all over the kitchen, or too slowly and the butter never came. Churning morning found us close to the kitchen as we watched in fascination.

The golden butter was lifted from the churn with a wooden paddle into a large, flat wooden bowl. We were not allowed to wash this bowl with soap, for this would make the butter stick to the bowl. Mother had found this out through long years of experience.

The molding of the butter into pounds was a ritual in itself. It called for extra care because all of the buttermilk must be removed. Over and over again it was pressed against the side of the bowl, turned and worked, and, finally, washed in ice-cold water. Then the right amount of salt was added. The salt was never measured; mother knew just how much was needed. The mold was supposed to hold just one pound, but Mother always heaped some on top so that the top of each pound was round instead of flat. When weighed at the store, each so-called pound was actually much more. Oh, how sweet and good the butter tasted on hot biscuits, on pancakes made from the buttermilk, or on big slices of homemade bread with strawberry jam!

After the butter was molded, each pound was wrapped in tissue-thin paper which bore Mother's name and address. She was justly proud of her name on that butter wrapper because it was a symbol of her ability and artistry.

Taking the butter to market was a joy to all of us children. To be denied the privilege of hitching the horse, Old Dan, to the little buggy and riding with Mother into town was the most severe punishment that could be administered.

Most of the butter went to the local merchant where it was traded for our food and clothing; some, however, was distributed to customers. Mother had the same customers for years. Twenty-five cents was a good price per pound. Mother often received as much as ten cents a pound more, because her butter was always sweet, clean, and of good measure.

Yes, one of the fondest memories I have of my dear mother was her making of butter.

o Hate in Our Hearts

Wilma Boyle Bunker

our relationship with others, little irritations sometimes creep in which, if n a chance, grow far beyond their imance. It seems that most of us are able of taking the big problems in our le, but find ourselves nettled and frusd by the small and, actually, unimant annoyances.

Could it be that we are so engrossed in own narrow point of view that we fail consider the other side of a situation? ld it be that we are not big enough verlook the faults of others, or recogthat, probably, we have a few imections, too?

we would find contentment and happss, we can't hold grudges, we can't petty or envious or jealous. We must for the good in others; we must nowledge our own failings; we must be rant and understanding; we must forseventy times seven. We must leave room in our hearts to hold the memof an injustice, for life is far too brief too precious to hate.

Black Hills

Ethel Jacobson

Black Hills of the Dakotas,
Black Hills—I did not know
It was your brooding pine trees
That named you so.

Trees so dark and somber
That on each craggy height
They stand like peaks of thunder,
Swarthy as night.

It was your ponderosas
Whose sable shadow spills
The length of the Dakotas
On mourning hills.

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Oh, Foolish Heart

Lillian E. Miles

Tonight the waves come rushing
Across the sandy bars,
With their foam caps tipped with silver
By a nebula of stars.

Beneath that shimmering star-glow
The tides run deep and strong,
And with their outward racing
They take my heart along.

Oh, foolish heart that follows
To lands remote and strange,
Oh, heart forever seeking
In restlessness for change,

Awake and know that moon tides
Which wash a far-off shore,
Turn backward in their season
And flow toward home once more.

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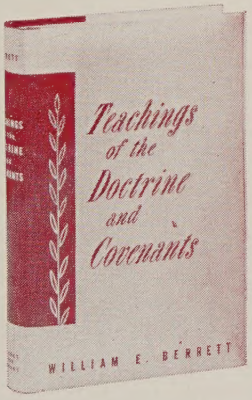

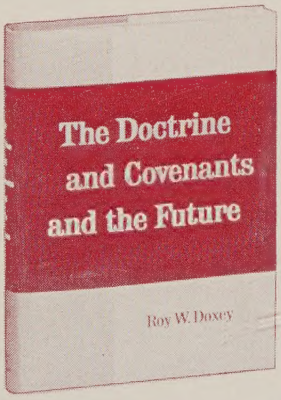

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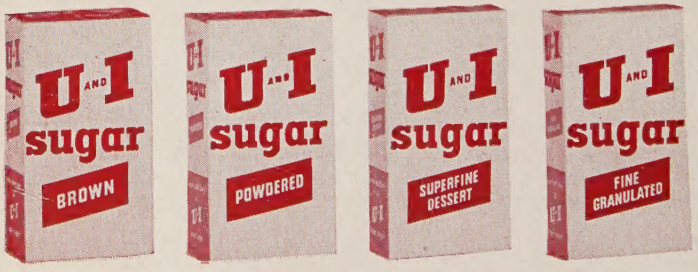
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